"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas
Ideal for gentlemen who distinguish.
ASK YOUR SHIRT-MAKER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MARCH, 1921

2/- net

Poetry — Muriel Stuart
Steppes Southwold
Clarkson, Cecil
Blue Sky — Storm Jameson
England and America
Treaty to Revise
Ford Madox Hueffer
Parisian Nights — Arthur Symons
The Control of the Life-Cycle — Arthur Hunter
The Will to Art — Richard Whiting
Letters: Posted and Unposted
Constance Malleson
Algernon Blackwood
Quicksilver
"Where the Bee Sucks" — S.O.
"Queen Louise" — Lucifer
The London Conference: German Reparations — Realist
The Empire Mind — Amelia Harrison
If "Ecclesiastes" were Written Today — Thomas Mirfin
Books

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 30/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
HALF-YEARLY 15/-

19 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON

INSURE ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.
LONDON, E.C.2

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS

MARCH ISSUE.

CONTENTS.

The National Outlook. A Diagnosis and a Remedy.
T. HARRISON HYDE.

The Industry and the Programme.
POWELL, M.P., M.S.

The Scots Merchant Marine.
J. ELLIS BARKER.

The Economic Crisis in Latin-America.
ERNEST B. MALTBY, F.R.G.S.

Germany Emerging.
E. T. COOK.

Survey of the Cotton Industry.
By W. MARTIN, Ph.D.

Articles:

The Production of Wealth.
F. SOCIAS, M.A., M.R.S.

Peace v. Industry.
OTTO.

Income Tax Acts as they affect the Public.
JOHN BURNS, M.S.

ALL READERS ARE ENTITLED TO FREE INFORMATION REGARDING INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

A Specimen Copy will be sent free on application.

1/- net.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS
9, Grafton Street, New Bond St., London, W.1.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1921.

The Friend of John Keats

By Muriel Stuart

STILL left unsung? Are there no songs for you
While still of love and faith the poet sings?
When crowns for fools, and green wreaths fresh with dew
For every twilight head Apollo brings?
Still left unsung, and no heart left to mourn
Above your faithful, unremembered dust?
Gold deeds are soon upgathered in an urn
With sin, and hate is thrust
Against joy's mouth, and love lies shudderless with lust.

For how soon pity passes! How soon grief
Shaking the sorrowful mould off, hurries by—
Sad Twain whose most woe is that it is brief,
Who, at last sighing, know not whom they sigh.
No lavender escapes the shaken fold
That held once all the poor heart kept of Spring,
And no flame flickers from that faint foothold,
No wind stirs from that wing;
Something has fled, a lost, divine, mysterious thing.

As the dried stubble settles in the frost,
As the quenched torch no tempest beats again,
All that burned once and blossomed once is lost,
For this is all the history of all men.

Enchantment wears the trickster's common coat;
To each heart comes the ebbing of the tide;
The lute at last must come to her last note;
Yesterday takes no bride;
The saddest ghosts are those we walk no more beside.

For in Time's glass our sum of loving seems
The story of a stranger that is told—
Sweet, but a little foolish in its dreams,
As fireside legends whispered by the old.
—A shell whose sweet, salt mouth no tide may fill,
Lost in a hollow of the high harsh land;
By the sea spurned, the sea's name murmuring still—
Cold as the blown, cold sand;
Cold as the lips of love chilled on a dead cold hand.

Who has remembered you? Long, long ago,
On a first day, on a first heedless day,
Unguessed, untracked, as bird's print in the snow,
As grass soon trodden from the public way
You faded, and no poet knew your grave,
And you grew old unwept, grew grey unsung:
You died unshouted as the poor good slave
Upon a pyre is flung;
Torching the paths of death, a dead king strays among.

You brought John Keats no joy, no rumour of fame,
But peace and a quiet dying, and a hand
To hold in sleeping; from home and friends you came
From deeds unfinished and from dreams unplanned,
What matter if men forget the beauty thereof,
Who let all memories fade, all garlands fall?
You are locked with the dead roses, lost with love,
Fled with the May-time's thrall;
So richly free and far, beyond our sad recall.

Poet of poets died upon your breast,
Severn, what need have you of laurels there?
Scorn requiems and roses and the rest;
Unlaurelled sleep: we have none such to spare.

THE FRIEND OF JOHN KEATS

At rich men's doors the lackey poets wait,
  The hireling versers strut and shriek their due;
The Byrons of our day importunate;
  Keats' brow no laurel knew—
  Those laurels that most fade in hands that most pursue.

Summer went out upon his lips, but here
  He lingers still in the deep looks of flowers.
He follows April to their tryst each year,
  Dies with her, and is strange to Autumn hours.
He fled—a ghost by life's loud laughter laid,
  He passed—a shade delivered from delight
That on the lutes of death too sweetly played;
  Sang, listened, wept, took flight
  Darkward beyond our day, dawnward beyond our night.

While England doved her lord of little verse,—
  Her bright, sham, painted poet of the day,
Music that broke the heart of song was hers;
  She hushed it for the chatter of a jay.
The air is thick with swallows, and who cares?
  In the shrill streets June dies upon her rose.
The crowd runs gaping to the huckster's wares,
  And all the poet knows
  Of fame is that her hands his dying eyelids close.

Forgotten is the world's last word: no net
  However cunning shall forever keep
Glory or love: men lose what they forget;
  All days must turn to sunset and to sleep.
To the last weariness all souls descend,
  And all they have found most bitter and most sweet
Grows, as the heart of man grows at the end,
  Whatever fires be lit,
  So cold at last, and with such ashes over it.

The Apple of Versailles

By Stephen Southwold

I.

1914.

When the Day came,
That bared us to the stroke
Of blind hands in the dark,
We said:
This giving of blood for blood
That has no end;
This barter of dead for dead;
This deck'd and dreadful pageantry of shame
Has come at last,
In steel-proof vulnerable
To our young blade.
We who must spend
The gold of our years in one great lavishing,
We shall go down before that hungry flood,
That broke
Upon our shores with the first breaking sea;
Yet we,
Unthrifty of life as June of flowering,
Shall shackle and keep fast,
With dead hands pitifully unmerciful,
This bloody and false Hierarch,
That Love may go forthfaring unafraid.

* * * * * * *

II.

1920.

When we are old,
We who have seen
Death drunken with blood as wine;
When clear-eyed,
Fronting the beating drums and mocking flags,

Foreknowing naught, temper'd, steel-true and fine,
Our children stand
Before our feet beneath the intolerable threat,
Saying, as of remembered tales oft-told:
Are we now come as knights
To succour a world in chains;
Pouring our golden days
Into the furnace that our sons be free?
How shall we answer then,
We who came back
To build the dream for which all youth had died?
With lies upon our lips, and foolish tags;
With little saws mouthed by dead little men;
And, drowning with battle-lays
(Born of a myriad pains),
Their questioning, lest they should understand,
Bid them prepare their bodies for the rack.
Or, shameful, before their proud young instancy,
Say: This ancient Thing, corrupting and unclean,
That goeth athirst, nor all your blood requites,
Must break you now for our dishonour'd debt.

Blue Sky

A Sketch for a Little Farce for Marionettes

(*Being an Interlude from "The Drama for Fools," by* Tom Fool. *Edited by* Gordon Craig.*)

Characters.

Looney, or the Magic Idiot.
Don Johnny Bernard Bull, *alias* Sly-Boots.
Don Taffy Muggins, *alias* Swagsman.
The Cockatrice.
The Blind Boy.

Scene.

In Three Divisions.

Centre, a Room in the House of Looney, the Magic Idiot.
The room has two windows and three doors.
Right. A Street.
Left. A Street.

Properties.

In Centre Division.

Magic Walls.
A Magic Table.
A Magic Carpet.
A Magic Horn, Flute, and Fiddle.
A Magic Whistle.
A Magic Cat asleep on a Magic Mat.
Magic Powders: Marked Black, White, Yellow, etc.

* It was only last year that an old friend, who so thinly veiled his identity under the pseudonym of Tom Fool, passed away.

He had written most of his Drama[1] when he departed, and what was not finished he left me instructions to edit and "alter as you think best."

I have thought best to leave his original text as I found it, putting in here and there a note where some slight explanation was needed. In some passages my friend has left the work very vague—as though he felt the actors could fill out what he had but sketched in. I know his opinions about actors. They were the very highest.—Editor.

[1] *The Drama for Fools.*

Some Magic Hats, some Magic Rings, some Magic Cloaks and Swords, neatly hung round on Pegs.

(The room is empty. LOONEY *has not yet come in. At each side of the room is a street. Enter, R.,* SLY-BOOTS, *who peers into the window. Enter, L.,* MUGGINS, *who peers into the other window. They see each other.)*

MUGGINS. Sniffing about, Sly-Boots . . . what?

SLY-BOOTS. Interesting, eh? . . .

MUGGINS. Interesting! . . . Why, there's enough in this little room to make the fortunes of everyone in the world.

SLY-BOOTS. A slight exaggeration, Muggins . . . but there's enough to make *our* fortune, dear friend.

(Leave it to the Comedians.)

MUGGINS. Why not call on Mr. Looney . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Is that his name?

MUGGINS. Looney, the Magic Idiot, is what all his neighbours call him. . . Why not go in and see him, Sly-Boots?

SLY-BOOTS. Shall I, Muggins, shall I?

MUGGINS. Yes—you are so practical—so diplomatic. Go, and if you find it necessary, I will lend a hand later on. . . . I hear someone coming. I shall go down to the village. . . . Meet me anon by the pump. *(Exit.)*

(A tune. Enter, from the back of the room, LOONEY. *He takes down a Magic Flute and sits on the Magic Chair.)*

SLY-BOOTS. Now—what will happen? . . .

(Nothing happens. LOONEY *then raises the flute and twiddles a few bars. Nothing happens.)*

SLY-BOOTS. This is very mysterious.

*(*LOONEY *calls: "Pussy, Pussy, Pussy!" The Magic Cat unfurls its tail and walks around the chair.* LOONEY *plays a little dance music and the Cat arches her back. Then returns to Magic Mat and sleeps.)*

SLY-BOOTS. This is all most mysterious. I must take this Bull by the Horns.

(Knocks at the door.)

LOONEY. Come in.

*(*SLY-BOOTS *enters . . . bows . . . and speaks. Very slow in his movements.)*

SLY-BOOTS. My name . . . S. Le-Boots . . . old French family—the revolution in 1066 caused us to emigrate. . . . I have often heard of your astounding powers, and have called to see whether you could cure me of a slight . . . but perhaps I had better show you the spot . . .

(He begins to unbutton his coat.)

LOONEY. My dear sir, I am not a doctor. I am a magician.

SLY-BOOTS. Really! . . . May I ask in what branch?

LOONEY. Let me be brief. . . I invent recipes for all things. . . Magic recipes. . . . You want to go home . . . I give you a powder which takes you right home. You want to come back . . . I give you another powder which prevents you. I give Recipes for Happiness . . . Health . . . Riches . . . Blue Skies . . . anything, everything, . . . except Politics.

SLY-BOOTS. What! . . . You give a recipe for a Blue Sky, you say? . . . But how? . . .

LOONEY. My recipes are simple. For a Blue Sky, Mix white and black in equal quantities, and you have a blue sky . . . Only you must be careful *when* to mix . . . all depends upon that . . . never forgetting *where* you mix . . . that is essential . . . and, above all, be prudent *how* you mix . . . The powders . . . one in the morning . . . one at night. Only, as I say, you must observe the unities. Come, now, let me show you how the Blue Sky Recipe is managed. This is one of the White Powders . . . this is one of the Black. . . . We place them in a Glass . . . we shake them . . . we put them on the ground . . . we kneel and regard them . . . we rise . . . we kneel again . . . we rise once more. . . . Now we kneel again. . . . Look . . .

SLY-BOOTS. I am looking.

LOONEY. What do you see?

SLY-BOOTS. Nothing at all.

LOONEY. Good. . . . Now you take the powder, which you spread on to a sheet of white paper . . . you hold it in your right hand level with the mouth . . . you hold a glass of water in your left hand . . . and then . . . Tell me—how is your house lighted?

SLY-BOOTS. By electricity.

LOONEY. Ah, that is a pity.

SLY-BOOTS. Why?

LOONEY. You ought to know how to blow out candles.

SLY-BOOTS. But couldn't I learn?

LOONEY. Well, you could . . . but it would be better if you already knew.

SLY-BOOTS. What has this to do with the Recipe?

LOONEY. You remember . . . you spread the powder on a sheet of paper.

SLY-BOOTS. Yes . . . white paper . . .

LOONEY. Yes . . . quite . . . I am glad you remembered that, as it is a very important point, and on it depends to a great extent the success or failure of the experiment which we call Blue Sky.

SLY-BOOTS. Experiment? . . . But is there anything uncertain about this business? . . . I thought the thing was a certainty.

LOONEY. Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . it is.

SLY-BOOTS. For I don't want to pay for something which I find afterwards doesn't work.

LOONEY. No, no . . . it will work perfectly. As I say, you spread the powder on the sheet of paper . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Yes . . . er . . . does it matter about the colour of the paper?

LOONEY. No, no, not in the least.

SLY-BOOTS. Thank you.

LOONEY. You hold it in your left hand . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Yes.

LOONEY. Level with your eye . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Your right eye . . .

LOONEY. Yes, exactly. . . . Now, how clever of you to remember that! Some people put it level with their left eye, and the result is they hear nothing.

SLY-BOOTS. What should they hear?

LOONEY. They shouldn't hear anything . . . that is the point . . . but they should see something.

SLY-BOOTS. The Blue Sky, what? . . .

LOONEY. Piano, piano . . . we are coming to that all in good time . . . No, they see . . . what do you think?

SLY-BOOTS. A vision.

LOONEY. No.

SLY-BOOTS. A miracle?

LOONEY. No.

SLY-BOOTS. A sight.

LOONEY. Exactly . . . you have said it. They see a sight. But what sight do they see? . . . Call to mind the order of the procedure. First take the powder . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Yes.

LOONEY. Place on sheet of paper.

SLY-BOOTS. Er . . . y-e-s——

LOONEY. Hold in right hand.

SLY-BOOTS. Y—e—s——

LOONEY. Level with mouth.

SLY-BOOTS. And you see a sight.

LOONEY. Never mind what you *see*. I'm speaking about what you do.

SLY-BOOTS. You never told me what I was to do afterwards.

LOONEY. No, because you are in too great a hurry.

SLY-BOOTS. But I am so eager to know how it's done.

LOONEY. Well . . . you hold the paper in both hands . . . but shall we sit down, for the whole demonstration depends for its success on the eye being exactly level with the horizon.

(*They sit.*)

LOONEY. Paper . . . raised in right hand . . . level with mouth . . . in left hand. Do you follow me?

SLY-BOOTS. Yes . . . yes . . . the mouth in the left hand.

LOONEY. Yes, but now comes the difficulty . . . *now* we reach the apoplox. You have to somehow get hold of a glass of water.

SLY-BOOTS. Couldn't you hold that?

LOONEY. My dear sir, I can't be with you every time that you want to make Blue Sky.

SLY-BOOTS. Every time? . . . what do you mean?

LOONEY. I say, much as I should like to, I can't be near you to help you mix your Sky *every* time you want it Blue.

SLY-BOOTS. I don't clearly understand you. . . . Up to this moment you have been explicit . . .

LOONEY. Well, and now? . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Now I begin to think that if you are not crazy, *I* must be.

LOONEY. But why?

SLY-BOOTS. Perhaps I didn't clearly understand you, sir; but I imagined that you implied that the elaborate and wearisome process which accompanies the manufacture of a little Blue Sky would have to be repeated . . . er . . . more than once.

LOONEY. Exactly. Every time that you want it.

SLY-BOOTS. Then, my dear sir, all I can say is that you've come to the wrong place if you think to palm off any unpractical time-wasting inventions upon me.

LOONEY. But *you* came to me . . . I didn't come to you.

SLY-BOOTS. True. But that does not alter the fact. The invention is no better for that . . . the invention is a farce . . . the invention is a joke . . . a worthless piece of trumpery . . . it is a thing which comes very near to be a swindle. Naturally, when I buy anything I want that thing to last. I don't want to have to mix Blue Sky every day—I have my work to do—— No, I have a servant for my coffee, and I can't afford to have another for this Blue business. No, no, no! . . . the thing would be all right if we had all day to waste . . . but we haven't . . . paper . . . eye . . . glass water . . . hold in right hand . . . why, my dear sir, it's a ridiculous process . . . invent something simpler. Oh, unpractical young man! And, now tell me, what does this invention cost?

LOONEY. One penny.

SLY-BOOTS. There again! . . . a ridiculous price. . . . What you should do is to invent something simple and put a big price on it. I can't buy a thing which costs nothing. . . . You must see that. I can't bring myself to buy a thing which practically I can have for nothing. But it's all one so far as this affair is concerned . . . even if you offered it to me for £50,000 I wouldn't touch the thing . . . no, sir! . . . have my work to do . . . a busy morning from 11 to 12 looking at the Tape Exchange . . . anxious times, sir . . . not a second to give to experimenting with Blue Sky, and failing to swallow the powder properly because either the water is too cold or too warm . . . er . . . you *did* say fairly warm water, I think?

LOONEY. Yes, the powder goes down better when the water's warm.

SLY-BOOTS *(suddenly pointing out of the window with*

one hand and stealing with the other). Great heavens! . . . look there . . . is that? . . . no! . . .

LOONEY. Where? . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Over the steeple . . . the little patch . . .

LOONEY. Of Blue Sky?

SLY-BOOTS. Yes . . .

LOONEY. Almost in the shape of a . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Yes . . . yes. . . .

LOONEY. Ah, you see it, too . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Of course I see it. Why shouldn't I?

LOONEY. Why, some people see some things, and some see others. I am now expecting a friend to come in at any minute who can see nothing.

SLY-BOOTS. Is he blind, then?

LOONEY. Well, he is and he isn't.

SLY-BOOTS. How? . . . blind and not blind?

LOONEY. Exactly . . . can see and can't see. Isn't it wonderful?

SLY-BOOTS *(to the audience).* Pitiful, I should say. . . . Yes, marvellous . . . marvellous! *(He edges towards the door.)* Will he be here soon?

LOONEY. As soon as the music strikes up: he always comes in with music. *(A tune plays.)* There . . . here he is.

(Enter the BLIND BOY, L. THE COCKATRICE *is seen through a window coming up the street afar off. He should be here in five to eight minutes.)**

LOONEY. B.B., this is Mr. Sly-Boots . . . er, B.B.

SLY-BOOTS. Charmed.

BLIND BOY. Delighted.

* The introduction of THE COCKATRICE in this strange slow manner, and merely that he may make one remark, calls for a word of explanation. This creature appears in every scene of *The Drama for Fools,* of which *Blue Sky* is an interlude. There are some 365 scenes of this drama.

The stage direction which speaks of THE COCKATRICE coming up the street, being seen coming, and being due to arrive on the scene in five to eight minutes, is not as affected as it seems; for it appears that the Japanese stage offers us numerous entrances and exits of the kind which take ten minutes to execute.

So, now, it can't be affected because it's done in Japan. It may be snobbish . . . but then that is better than admitting that it is an original English idea. . . . That would be inexcusable . . . and, what's more, impossible. No ideas are English. . . . Ask the "Aristocracy," who import Russian goods and wonder afterwards that it costs us . . something like our lives.—EDITOR.

SLY-BOOTS. What was the family name, may I ask again?

BLIND BOY. Oh . . . Wayback. . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Curious I never heard of that family before.

BLIND BOY. It's not really an *ancient* family name, Mr. Boots, nothing like the Wellestons or the Devonhams or the Egersleys, you know . . . our family only came over with the Ark.

SLY-BOOTS. Well, Mr. Woback . . .

BLIND BOY. Wayback.

SLY-BOOTS. Wayback, pardon me.* I am sorry, but I must leave you . . . and you, Mr. Looney . . . sorry, I'm sure; but business, you know, business . . . nowadays a man can give very little time to himself if he wants to succeed. . . . Talking of success, that reminds me of what our friend here was saying a moment ago . . . that you had the misfortune to be blind . . . and at the same time quite able to see. Would you explain to me how that is? . . . there might be money in it.

BLIND BOY. Oh, it's quite simple.

SLY-BOOTS *(aside)*. Everything in this house is so simple one can understand nothing.

BLIND BOY. You see . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Oh, yes, *I* see, . . . but then I have eyes . . . .

BLIND BOY. How extraordinary . . . .

SLY-BOOTS. No, no, no! *(laughing)* that's not extraordinary at all; merely fortunate. Some of us, you know, have eyes, and some unfortunately have not.

BLIND BOY. True. But if you'll excuse me, Mr. Boots, I can't see . . .

SLY-BOOTS. So your friend Mr. Looney has just told me, and I wanted to know how that is, for you seem to see.

BLIND BOY. It's difficult to explain. . . . But if you'll take a piece of white paper in your hand . . .

SLY-BOOTS. White paper? . . . don't speak of it. I've had enough white paper this morning.

BLIND BOY. Well, then, a piece of blue paper will do.

* "These things are not really funny at all. But, well acted, they become a scream. Sorry.—T. F." The author had written this in pencil on the manuscript.—ED.

SLY-BOOTS. This is terrible! I must get away from these people.

BLIND BOY *(mesmerising him and holding up a magazine with a blue cover)*. You—hold—the—Blue Paper—in the finger—and—thumb—of—your—right—hand, and what do you see? . . .

SLY-BOOTS. I see—print——

BLIND BOY. Yes,—and what are the words?

SLY-BOOTS. I see — I see —— *(reading)* THE ENGLISH REVIEW, Edited by Austin Harrison, January, 1916.

BLIND BOY. Bravo! . . . and then?

SLY-BOOTS *(reading)*. I see —— Royal Exchange Assurance. Fire — Life—Sea—Accidents—motor-car—plate-glass—burglary—live stock—third party—fidelity . . .

BLIND BOY. Well . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Well . . .

BLIND BOY. Well, what else?

SLY-BOOTS. Why, all the rest of the stuff . . . but what do you see?

BLIND BOY. I only see Blue Paper . . . a face . . . a garden . . . and mother looking out of the lattice window.

SLY-BOOTS. Really . . . You say you see your Mother? . . . then you see better than I do . . .

BLIND BOY. Exactly.

SLY-BOOTS. And you can be by no means called blind.

BLIND BOY. Ah, but I can't see what is behind your back, Mr. Boots . . . Now, you would say that if I can see through the cover of an ENGLISH REVIEW I ought to be able to see through you . . . No?

SLY-BOOTS. Ha, ha, ha! . . . Very good indeed. *(He pockets the stolen goods clumsily, stuffing them obviously into his pocket.)* Mr. Looney, you have given me a most delightful morning, but I'm afraid I shall catch it from my secretary. Well, good-day, sir . . . Good day, Mr. Woback. . . Good day! *(He gets outside . . . door closes.)* The fools! Muggins shall put this powder on the market within a week, . . . and I'll boom it, and a fortune's sure. . . . Why, it's miraculous! . . . one dose every morning with the coffee . . . any servant can mix it . . . . what fools! . . . what fools! Ha, ha! *(He goes out in the old style. Thunder.)*

LOONEY. Come, B.B., shall we have Blue Sky to-day? . . . Yes?

BLIND BOY. Yes, Blue Sky, Blue Sky! Quick. *(A tune plays.)*

(LOONEY holds the paper on which is the powder, and they both blow it out through a third window, and instantly the whole sky becomes suffused with blue. Enter* COCKATRICE, *with umbrella dripping and a face streaming with rain.)*

COCKATRICE. *What* a day!

(Quick change of scene.)

SCENE 2.

The Village Pump.

(This scene is merely sketched in in the MS. as it reached me. I have thought it best to leave it as I found it.—EDITOR.)

(It is raining.)

SLY-BOOTS. I have it—I've got it——

MUGGINS. Got what?

SLY-BOOTS. Two fortunes, my boy. Quick—the mug—and some water——

MUGGINS. Why?

(Here leave it to the Comedians.)

SLY-BOOTS. To test it. Wait, you'll see . . .

MUGGINS. But we share——

SLY-BOOTS. Yes, but first to see it work. Quick—water. Hold the mug. Paper—mouth—line of horizon—level with eye . . .

(He swallows the powder, and water after.)

MUGGINS. Well? . . .

SLY-BOOTS. In a minute—in a minute—it's to be Blue Sky for me in a minute.

MUGGINS. Blue Sky?——

SLY-BOOTS. He's got everything there—everything you want—every magic under the sun—and this magic will enable me to see Blue Sky all over the place.

MUGGINS. Can you see it yet?

SLY-BOOTS. No, but something seems to be going round and round; it's going to change, it's—oh——

MUGGINS. What's the matter?

* This third window appears suddenly by magic . . . it's a Russian idea invented by Peruzzi in 1520, so it's quite all right.—T. F.

SLY-BOOTS. Oh!——

MUGGINS.

(Talks on. . . . Leave it to the Comedian.)

SLY-BOOTS. O-O-Oh! Oh!——

MUGGINS. He's given you the wrong powder.

SLY-BOOTS. No, he hasn't; it's all right—oh, oh, oh!

MUGGINS. But why all these unpleasant noises?—why these contortions?

SLY-BOOTS. It's all right; it's as it should be *(going)*. Wait here—I will return anon—I go to see Blue Sky alone.

MUGGINS.

(He retires behind the Pump. Now leave it to the Comedian, who will do what he will and say what he likes, provided he conveys the idea to the audience that he is growing suspicious and itching to get back to the Magic House and to see his friend dead. Enter SLY-BOOTS *once more.)*

MUGGINS. Well? . . .

SLY-BOOTS. Wonderful . . . I feel better. . . . *(He sits.)*

MUGGINS. Tell me, what have you seen?

SLY-BOOTS *(shaking his head)*.

MUGGINS. Then you saw it? . . .

SLY-BOOTS *(shaking his head up and down)*.

MUGGINS. Tell me all about it.

SLY-BOOTS. No, you must realise it yourself to understand.

MUGGINS. But how? . . . have you any more of the powder?

SLY-BOOTS *(shakes his head and rocking backwards and forwards)*.

(Leave it to the Comedian. SLY-BOOTS *falls into a trance.)*

MUGGINS. He sleeps—he dreams—— Dream, Boots, until we meet again,—dream on. *(Exit.)*

SCENE CHANGES BACK TO SCENE I.

(The House of LOONEY, *the Magic Idiot. Enter* MUGGINS *outside in street.)*

MUGGINS. Sly-Boots is one of the 'cutest men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting . . . and I've met a number of 'em in . . .* I've never yet known Sly-Boots make a blunder in business. If he says this or that will make money—it's a certainty. I've seen it proved over

* The name of whatever town the thing is being played in.—T. F.

and over again. You can't fool him. So what he has found in this house to-day has proved of remarkable value. But so remarkable that he won't even tell *me*.

(Looks through the window, where he sees BLIND BOY *and* LOONEY *seated before two music-stands and tuning up on two instruments. He knocks at the door.)*

LOONEY. Come in.

MUGGINS. My name is Muggins.

LOONEY. Your desire—to buy?——

MUGGINS. Exactly.

LOONEY. What?

MUGGINS. I want to buy a packet of sorcery—of Blue Sky powder.

LOONEY. I regret, sir, but I have none for sale. I have sold none for centuries past.

MUGGINS. I understand your dislike to cheapen a precious thing, sir, but if I may be so bold to ask, did you not sell to a Mr. Boots some of this very powder only this very morning?

LOONEY. No, I sold him nothing—he took it—and he took the wrong powder.

MUGGINS. He has taken the wrong powder?

LOONEY. Yes.

MUGGINS *(repeating)*. He has taken the wrong powder?

LOONEY. Yes, that's the powder called "Forgive and Forget."

MUGGINS. Then——

LOONEY. Where is he?—did you see him that last half-hour?

MUGGINS. Yes, I left him sleeping—dreaming.

LOONEY. Sleeping—dreaming——alas! that's it . . .

MUGGINS. How is it it? Will it hurt him?

LOONEY. Not exactly.

MUGGINS. Is it *dangerous*?

LOONEY. Oh, not in the least; no magic can be called dangerous. Sometimes you die—now and again—but it's not dangerous . . .

MUGGINS. How die?

LOONEY. Why, if you swallow a powder which you should blow out of the window, you may die. Your friend, if he wanted Blue Sky, should have gone home, opened

the window, and blown "Forgive and Forget" out of it. I was explaining this to him, but—— Did he swallow much?

MUGGINS. He swallowed it all. Did he know it was dangerous?

LOONEY. Not till he's swallowed it. He would not wait to listen.

MUGGINS. But this is murder.

LOONEY. No . . . suicide after robbery . . . and quite in order. . . .

MUGGINS. I shall call the police.

LOONEY. You do not know how to.

MUGGINS. I shall arouse the town.

LOONEY. You will do no such thing.

MUGGINS. Then I will—I will——

LOONEY. You will do nothing—I will do all that needs to be done . . . and I will sell you a magic.

MUGGINS. I want none of your black magics.

LOONEY. Blue, sir.

MUGGINS. Black or Blue—I want none of them.

LOONEY. You want to make money, don't you, Muggins? . . .

MUGGINS. Familiar.

LOONEY. Muggins, I say, you want to make chinks . . .

MUGGINS *(weakening)*. I——

LOONEY. I put it to you that you'd not refuse a magic looking-glass, for example, and the secret how to manufacture thousands—what?——

MUGGINS. What is one like?

LOONEY *(showing one)*. Look! . . .

MUGGINS *(looking)*. What's that?

LOONEY. This is the Ladies' Magic Pocket Glass. It tells nothing but the Truth.

MUGGINS. The Truth . . .

LOONEY. Yes, the Truth . . . a special fancy . . . that *is* the truth. Every sensible lady has a special fancy to look pretty. It humours that fancy. I put it to you, sir, that this little trifle, handled with some adroitness in the market place, will sell by tens of thousands. I will part with the patent for one penny. Will you buy it, or will you call the town here that I may tell it how Boots stole the Blue Sky?

MUGGINS. How is it made, this Mirror?

LOONEY. You want it, then? . . . then follow me. *(He takes two packets, one pink, one green.)* 'You take a copy of the cheapest Journal you can find—you lay it on the ground—you empty the contents of this green packet into the very centre of it—on a paragraph about Ireland if possible—you fold the paper once—twice—three times—four times—Now you will see it is in the form of a cocked hat——

(Lifting it up, the powder falling out.)

MUGGINS. It is—but where is the powder?

LOONEY. The powder is gone—but the magic is there right enough.

MUGGINS. But——

LOONEY. Don't try to see or the magic will go too. . . . You now take the pink packet and put it in the right pocket of your overcoat—no, you must put on your overcoat before you pocket it. Now your hat—that you pass to me——. You now place the paper hat on your head—so—you cock it a little on one side, and you go out of the room looking backwards as you go——(*He does so.*) You keep your eyes fixed on mine. You take one step to the left* which brings you to the window; you keep your eyes fixed on my movements——I advance . . . one—two—three——I am close to the door—I raise my right hand—my fingers close upon the knob—I gently push the door until we may say it is closed; yes, we hear the lock snap. . . . I next turn the key in the lock, and where are we now? . . . or rather, where are you?

MUGGINS (*gaily*). I'm here! I'm here!

LOONEY. Yes, you're there; and I hand you the pink packet through the bars. It contains a small dose of Piffolozky salts, which if you administer to poor Boots will relieve him of his slight indisposition. . . . Go instantly, Muggins, and forget all about Magic Mirrors.

MUGGINS. What! . . . Then I've been cheated!

LOONEY. Bamboozled it is.

MUGGINS. I'll call all the neighbours! I'll set the town at you! I'll—I'll—— *(He goes out screaming.)* Fire! Thieves! Murder! Legerdemain! Miracles!

* MUGGINS doubtless repeats the last three or last two words of each of the following sentences. It is usually done.—T. F.

Murder! Magic—— *(The far-off murmur of poufs and cackling coves.)*

(Meantime LOONEY *and* BLIND BOY *commence to play the complete Overture to "The Magic Flute" by Mozart. While this beautiful thing is being played* MUGGINS *and the inhabitants of the village arrive outside,* R., *and are held spellbound by the music. They peer through the two windows at the players. We and they see strange sights through the third window, which again opens wide at the back of the scene.——A King and a Queen are riding slowly along by the edge of a stream, their reflection giving great delight to the water in which it glides. . . . A Blue Moon is slowly rising. . . .* * *What more they see I will write down for the stage manager when next I hear the Overture of "The Magic Flute."* † *It will be what I see in my imagination—and what I see is what shall take place. . . . Surely no less than a silver morning, and then a golden evening—and as the last notes sound the night shall have come on, revealing a sky of deeper blue than before . . . and the Overture is ended. . . . Some moments pass in silence, and then in front of everything there enters a* PUPPET, *who turns to us and says: . . .)*

Have we forgotten what went before?——Over there that man Boots . . . asleep by a pump—you remember?—and here the other rogues entranced by the beautiful music—— The sky changed from silver to gold, from gold to blue—— What better way to end? . . . Let us forget all about thieves and fools—until another time. . . . Those sweet sounds . . . . Come (*to orchestra*) . . . a few bars over again while the curtain falls . . . .

* First seen by Farmer and Henley in 1526.

† As my old friend cannot now do as he promised himself, I am willing to attempt this task of the stage manager should *The Drama for Fools* ever be performed.—EDITOR.

England and America

By Storm Jameson

The Blood Bond

THE most futile manner of attempting an Anglo-American *entente* is the manner sentimental. Speeches full of the goodwill induced by *Huitres Mornay* and Pommery make pleasing hearing and easy reading. Newspaper and magazine articles on the blood bond between two great nations are as pleasant and meaningless. We fail sometimes to remind ourselves that blood, which is thicker than water, is also hotter. A blood bond never prevented a quarrel yet. It has embittered many.

We English are the most sentimental of races. We have a yearning for appreciation which is as pathetic as our belief that we really are appreciated. The myth of the Englishman - who - doesn't - give-a-damn-for - opinion was born from very superficial observation. As a matter of actual psychological fact, doubts thrown upon the nobility of the English policy in India and Egypt hit the Englishman in one of his tenderest places. He will be angry with you, but he will also be hurt. He has so touching a belief in this vision of a kindly English Colossus, the trusted and admired of all alien peoples. The kindly Englishman exists: the universal trust and admiration do not.

The day on which that truth comes home to him is the most devastating in an Englishman's life. The whole solid universe reels and totters round him. It is probable that nothing in the whole unhappy history of Irish rebellion has so shocked and distressed us as the discovery that the Irishman does not want us to be kind to him, but to get out of his country. We find it hard to credit this: we shall never be able to understand it.

There is a real danger, therefore, that we shall listen with complaisance to a tale of American affection for us without doing anything to achieve it. Let us say nothing of deserving it: affection is rarely bestowed on merit—which would otherwise be intolerably puffed up.

It is imperative that the day of strain should find America and England held together by firmer bonds than the sand ropes of Press articles and after-dinner speeches.

"We be of one blood, you and I." We *were* of one blood. When we fought America, turning English weapons against the maintainers of an English principle, we were brother fighting brother. There was in England at the time a passionate minority whose sympathies went all with the rebels. The brotherly nature of the struggle is attested by the long-drawn bitterness it engendered.

But we are no longer of the same blood. This is not due—except in a specialised sense—to America's vast and largely unassimilated foreign population. The influences—climatic and economic—that have been moulding the American people since its earliest days have achieved the development of an American race with hardly a drop of British blood in its veins. The gradual emergence of this modern America is the most significant race-happening since the movement west and south of those eastern hordes that destroyed the Roman Empire and succumbed to its law. It marks the first definite stage in the growing importance of the Pacific coast. It does more than this.

The new American, in emancipating himself from some of the sentimentalities that bind the old world, has inevitably fallen into others, as for instance the essential sentimentality of his wranglings over the colour question. He has, too, the naïve and accommodating attitude towards contradictions that is the mark of youth. It marked the Renaissance. It explains why America, suffering under a corrupt and autocratic form of Government, can produce the most noble definitions of democracy. It explains the outbursts of indignation against the Shantung clause of the Peace Treaty: no other nation could so touchingly combine enthusiasm for an ideal with an intense consciousness of its commercial bearing. The new American *is* an idealist; he is also a single-minded dollar fiend. He is very much in earnest about the right things, so much so as to make the average Englishman feel like a hardened worldling. He detests cynicism, and therefore arranges—with complete success—to keep his ideal enthusiasm and his equally passionate commercial enthusiasm in water-tight compartments. This, that in older nations would be

hypocrisy—*perfide Albion*—is in America just the charming disingenuity of youth.

The first colonisers carried to the vast horizons of their new home the limited vision of the old. They settled on the edge of illimitable space and pretended that they were still in the lanes and parochial fields of England. They kept up the old customs, even to Quaker-beating. But the day the first ox-drawn waggon, loaded with household goods and babies, set out on its trek westward across the plains, the American race turned its face definitely from the old kinship.

We inherit an old and subtle civilisation: we respond to calls and whisperings in the blood that are mute, or never were at all, for those others across the world. Small, much-tilled fields, narrow, twisting roads, grey manor-houses standing in immemorial lawns—these are the fabric of our national vision. In these are bred the men whose feet are set in every corner of the world, who know the sea as an ancient nurse. Theirs is a wider vision: we can say "grander" and know ourselves not disloyal.

We shall never again be brothers. There is no reason why we should not be the best of friends. It is easier to look with tolerance upon the vagaries of a friend than to endure the irritation of a brother's failings.

Among the minor obstacles to Anglo-American amity is that type of Englishman who takes pleasure in evidencing the degeneracy of America. She is extravagant, tearing destructively at her vast riches. She does not breed, and her race is dying, polluted by streams of alien blood.

This man has his counterpart in the American who boasts his country to have no need of friendship with exhausted, worn-out England. Splendid isolation is the phrase, I think. There is no such thing, save in the pitiful isolations of madmen.

Neither country can afford to surrender its unique qualities. Neither country can afford to do without the other: neither can afford to neglect any chance to remove causes of offence and irritating ignorance. No doubt both countries are strong enough to resist the impulse towards unity. But they do so at the cost of tearing the world apart to satisfy their madness.

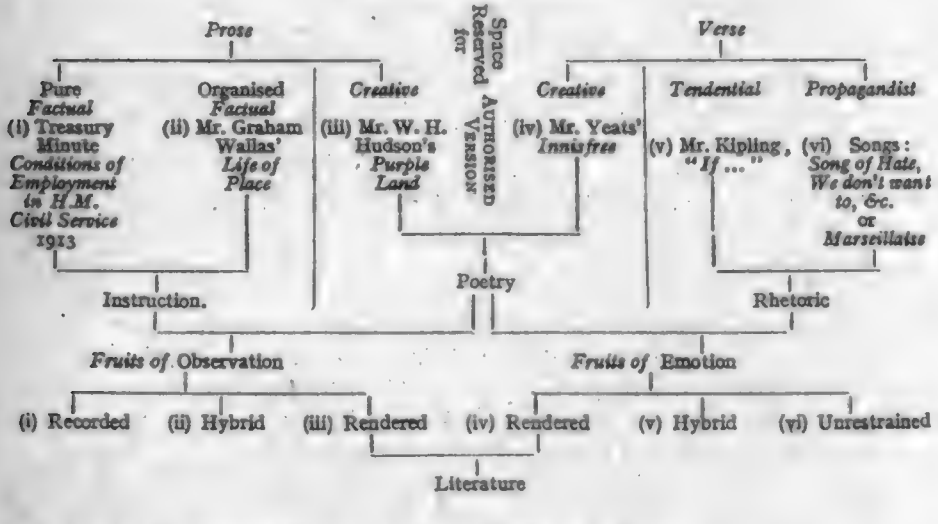
Thus to Revisit* . . . (vii)

By Ford Madox Hueffer

VI.

It will have been observed that a space was left in the uncompleted table between Prose and Verse. Here, then, that space is filled in.

DIAGRAM D (complete).


Prose
Space Reserved for Authorised Version
Verse
Pure Factual (i) Treasury Minute Conditions of Employment in H.M. Civil Service 1913
Organised Factual (ii) Mr. Graham Wallas' Life of Place
Creative (iii) Mr. W. H. Hudson's Purple Land
Creative (iv) Mr. Yeats' Innisfree
Tendential (v) Mr. Kipling, "If ..."
Propagandist (vi) Songs: Song of Hate, We don't want to, &c. or Marseillaise
Instruction.
Poetry
Rhetoric
Fruits of Observation
Fruits of Emotion
(i) Recorded
(ii) Hybrid
(iii) Rendered
(iv) Rendered
(v) Hybrid
(vi) Unrestrained
Literature

And so the case for *Vers Libre* is made.

It is made for even the least intelligent reader. For who in his senses will deny that between the entrenched lines of Prosaists and Versificators lies a No Man's Land that is the territory of Neither-Prose-Nor-Verse? And few who have given the matter any attention will deny that this is the oldest, the most primitive, the least sophisticate form of all literature. It is the form of incised writings, of marmoreal inscription, of the prophets—rhythm!

The Anglo-Parnassian critic of to-day will deny this, cutting loose from the cyclical tradition that used to make of these islands one great Bible-reading class. And the

* Copyright in U.S.A. by the Dial Co., 13th St., New York.

reader who is uninstructed in the literary life will find this hard to understand. It is not really—since it is to persons, not principles, that the Anglo-Parnassian critic objects—Mr. X. hating Mr. Pound for the love of God; Mr. Y. Mr. Flint, because Mr. Flint wishes to find a place for the vastly more difficult form beside the vastly more easy rhymed Alexandrines that Mr. Y. can turn out in numbers so huge . . .

The other day I wrote to a literary journal to protest against an editorial in which it had contemptuously dismissed a very beautiful volume of *Vers Libre* with the argument that emotion led one naturally to rhyme. I pointed out that the Book of Ruth was a work of emotion, and that it contained no rhyme.

This was, I think, the first letter that ever in my life I had addressed to a public print, and I watched the resulting controversy with all the enviable feelings of one undergoing a new experience. The editorial staff of the paper "squashed" me by referring me to a passage in which, one hundred years before, Coleridge had "squashed" Wordsworth. This passage had nothing to do with the matter, and the staff ignored the Book of Ruth. A Hebrew gentleman wrote to say that the original Hebrew of Holy Writ was a metrical performance. But, as I was writing about the English Bible, that forwarded the matter very little. The Hebrew gentleman concluded with contemptuous allusions to my intellect, voice and personal appearance. A schoolmaster wrote to say that the only true judges of poetry were school children aligned under the pedagogic eye. He stated that he had read poems by myself and Mr. Pound to the children committed to his care by—surely confiding—parents. Only one of my poems had kept those children awake. Therefore I could be no poet. The schoolmaster concluded by proving that I could not be even a person of intelligence because of something or other the ENGLISH REVIEW had done, at a date when the ENGLISH REVIEW had passed to its present editor. The schoolmaster said nothing about the Bible.

A serious student of literature wrote an interesting letter concerning itself with vowel-colourings as they are found in the poets of classical antiquity. The matter was interesting and the letter suggestive—but, again, it contained no refer-

ence to the Book of Ruth. The irrepressible Hebrew gentleman, in a further communication, "squashed" the serious student by again alluding contemptuously to my personal appearance and voice. At that happy juncture the editor closed his columns.

I include this account of a quite lively skirmish for several reasons. Firstly: It is important to discover what weapons the Academicists have in their arsenals. (It would at least appear that, from the Courts of Law, they have learned that when you have a weak case it is a good thing to abuse the plaintiff's attorney.) And, lastly (apart from the fact that a little comic relief may stimulate the reader to follow me a little further in the consideration of matters a little more tough: that being a technical device), I am really interested in the case of the British Bible.

I may as well say that, since I do not belong to the Anglican or any other Protestant community, I am not trying to use any religious weapon against present-day Academicists. I am talking of the Jacobean translation merely as a literary achievement. And it has always appeared to me that most of the Psalms of David, the Books of Job and of Ruth, and some of the prophetic writings if, as has been my good fortune, you can read them with eyes and ears uncloyed by ecclesiastical chantings and customary dimmings—just, in fact, as you might read FitzGerald's adaptations from the Persian or Mr. Pound's from the Chinese—these writings, then, in the English language, as they are printed, and without reference to the Hebrew original, present an unanswerable case for rhythmic expression of emotions. I do not say that they exclude metrical or rhymed expressions, merely that they present an unanswerable case for the existence of *Vers Libre* as a form. I do not even mean to say that the Book of Job justifies the existences of Mr. Flint, Mr. Pound, H.D., or the French, Italian, German or North and South American writers of "free verse"—or even that it justifies the fact that I am blonde and speak, according to the several gentlemen who have lately addressed the more literary journals on the subject, with a drawling voice. But it does give an august precedent for rhythm. . . .

Indeed, the precedent has sometimes seemed to me to

be so overwhelming, the weapon so absolutely annihilating to opponents, that I have sometimes hesitated to use it, as if I had been a commander of a unit who, penetrating immensely far behind enemy lines, meets with no opposition and is afraid of ambushes. And, rack my brains as I will, I cannot think of any Enemy reply, unless they will take their courages in their hands and boldly say that the English Bible is rubbish. That is a tenable proposition—but I have not yet come across it in my readings. There are, of course, theological objections to the English Bible, and humanitarians who object to the point of view or proceedings of the prophets. . . .

I suppose I may put myself down as the *doyen* of living writers of *Vers Libre* in English. Whitman, of course, preceded me in the United States, and W. E. Henley in the United Kingdom, but I cannot think of anyone else, and I can conscientiously aver that neither of these writers had any influence on my own development which I now propose to trace.

This is not vanity. I have already said that I attach no importance to myself as a poet, and if I analyse my own progression it is simply because, at a given moment—in 1913-14—I found myself, as a poet, aligned with, and as a critic immensely full of admiration for, a certain group of young men in England and France. And I had been "at it" then for a great number of years already, and I can be more sure of my own development than of that of any of my young friends, so that I can give a better account of it.

And the subject is worth consideration, for, if I can give a proper account of the matter, I ought to be able to lay bare to the reader certain pressures in the intellectual world. And, if I could explain those stresses, I should have gone a long way towards explaining why the art of literature finds itself to-day in a position so contemptible, despised and unable to help itself in the body politic. For I suppose that never in a nation fairly self-conscious and sufficiently open to the influence of poets did Poetry cut less ice than it does in Anglo-Saxondom to-day. You might say that in the eighteenth century there were no poets, but so avid was the public of poetry that any sort of metrical, rhymed and printed matter was accepted as the divine offspring of the Muses . . . To-day!

I think the reader will accept, again, the accuracy of that constatation. The causes for it I have dwelt upon already. For the moment, let us put it that the slouch-hatted, bearded, inverness-caped, mouthing—but extremely slovenly-writing—poets of the '40's to '90's of the last century had so exceedingly bored whilst they browbeat the Public, that the Public had practically finished with Poetry by the time of the men of the 'nineties. The men of the 'nineties wrote infinitely better . . . infinitely! . . . the Dowsons, Johnsons, Thompsons, Davidsons, and the rest. Only—*par pur snobisme!*—they found it necessary to indulge in, to promote, vices and bad habits of the cigarette, Soho-absinthe type. They revelled professionally in squalor. It was more a matter of the *beau geste* than of any real taste or any real necessity. And it rendered them infinitely provincial —to Soho.

Thus, when the dismal Wilde trial came along, the Public, still browbeaten by the old guard of those days but sullenly resentful of earlier, endless, hours of boredom, simply steam-rollered out, not merely the prosaists of the Yellow Book, but the entire singing-bird nest of Vigo Street. Poetry was finished.

For myself I was always so dreadfully afraid of these brilliant ones that they taught me nothing. I had been cowed by the Pre-Raphaelite poets at the age of eight, so effectually that, when at nineteen I published my first novel, I blushed like a youth at his first ball if anyone of the brilliant ones hove even distantly in sight. I daresay that saved me from absinthe in Soho.

At any rate, I verily believe that my only real contact with any member of that group occurred at St. James's Hall. That incomparable quartette, Joachim, Piatti, Riess and Strauss, was fiddling away like mad just under our feet. We were in the shilling seats of the orchestra. Beside me was an eccentric Belgian genius called Knopf, an admirer of my grandfather's; on the other side of him was Verlaine. The quartette finished a movement; Joachim let his fiddle down, moved the handkerchief beneath his chin, and gazed around the hall with that magisterial air of his—and I verily believe he was the most majestic man, for the poise of his head and the glance of his eyes, that I have

ever seen. Suddenly, with a bearded filibuster behind him, Arthur Symons was in front of me, and then sitting beside me. He was proposing that I—and I daresay M. Knopf and Verlaine—should accompany himself and his bearded friend on an expedition into the Spanish Basque Provinces, in order to restore Don Carlos to his throne. I should have liked nothing better. But in those days Mr. Symons was known in my home as the Young Adonis, and I was so shy that I made no answer to the proposal, or possibly a rudely awkward one. The quartette began on its next movement.

And I do not know that I have ever again seen or spoken to that great—that marvellously skilful—writer. And if you wish to see what I mean by the good writing that distinguished the group that were contemporary with his youth and mine, you have only to consider the work of Mr. Symons, to consider the gap that there would be in a whole genre of English if Mr. Symons had never written. Mr. Symons was undoubtedly the best of them—but he was led up to, and had, his supporters. And this fact should adumbrate to the reader one of the pressures to which I have referred. I had to make for myself the discovery that verse must be at least as well written as prose if it is to be poetry. Its sentences must be as well constructed; its thoughts as close; its language as nervous. The Victorians killed the verse side of poetry because, intent on the contemplation of their own moral importances, they allowed their sentences to become intolerably long, backboneless, and without construction (they called that poetic licence), because they were too lazy to think out their words; and adopted a sesquipedalian and obsolescent vocabulary, hoping to attract to their verse the glamour of Spenser or Mallory. The men of the 'nineties had "sensed this out." They wrote. On the whole their sentences, when they wrote in verse, were as well constructed as prose sentences. They aimed at a nervous style and a compact form; they tried to distil picturesqueness from the life that was around them.

So that, although their actual leavings are small and of little attraction to-day, literature, when it again comes into its own in these islands, will owe them a great debt of gratitude. It was material circumstances that drove

them out of the world; and they were not in any backwater but in the main stream of letters.

For myself, as I have said, I did not learn anything from them. I wish I had. But I had shynesses and I had distastes. And, in a sense, I had carried, even then, my logical progression further than they had carried theirs. Their ideal for what I will call the surface of their poems, whether in prose or in verse, was, for me, too hard and too brilliant. Too self-assertive, and leaving too much the marks of coruscating chisels! And I had been too much hammered by the Pre-Raphaelites. So that my troubled mind took refuge in an almost passionate desire for self-effacement. I remember telling Mr. Edward Garnett—or I ought to put it that my telling Mr. Garnett so shocked him that twenty years afterwards he recalled the fact to me—at any rate, I must have told Mr. Garnett in 1893 or so that my one ambition was to pass unnoticed in a crowd. I do not know that my ambition has ever changed.

But, in those days, that ambition was difficult, or at least arduous of attainment. If, as a young litterateur, you desired any of the society at all of your fellow young litterateurs—and one could not be human and not desire it!—you had to wear some parts of a sort of uniform. You might or might not wear a red tie; might or might not wear a blue linen, turned-down collar, an inverness, a virgin beard, a slouch hat . . . . But, if you did not wear at least one of these garments you would be ostracised by the intellectuals. I remember being approached by a formal deputation from a colony on the outskirts of which I lived. I had had my slouch hat blown off on Waterloo Bridge, and had purchased at a Smith's bookstall a cloth cap, such as golfers wear. The cloth cap, by the colony, was regarded as anti-social, and I was requested to scrap it. I could not afford in those days a new uniform head-covering every other day, and I am afraid I remained anti-social, and have so remained to this day.

(To be continued.)

Parisian Nights

Montmartre

By Arthur Symons

I

WRITING elsewhere on Montmartre and La Butte, and referring to what one saw there in the way of Bruant's heroes and heroines, the lady on her way to Saint-Lazare, the gentleman—who knows?—perhaps to La Roquette, who rested from their (as one names it) labours and who, leaning over the wooden paling as I used to, year after year, including the present year, enjoying Paris impressionistically; it occurred to me then, as it does now, that this is one of the gifts of the *esprit Montmartre*, that philosophy of the pavement which has always been localised in this district. And, exactly as I found them in other years, so this year at Montmartre—and here essentially—are almost all the public balls, the really Parisian café-concerts, which exist in Paris. And that is why amusing Paris used to, but no longer does—amusing Paris, as it then was—go to Montmartre.

I give two visions of Montmartre, written in different years, and from a different point of view. In no other city can I recall anything in itself so sordidly picturesque as these crawling heights, which lead up to the Butte, so wonderful as the vision of the city which the Butte gives one. I know Montmartre chiefly by night. When you have climbed as high as you can climb, ending almost with ladders, you reach a dreary little strip of ground, on which a wooden paling seems to hold you back from falling sheer into the abyss of Paris. Under a wild sky the city floats away endlessly, a vague, immense vision of forests of houses, softened by fringes of actual forest; but for the most part it is but a succession of light and shade, here tall white houses coming up out of a pit of shadows, there an unintelligible mass of darkness, sheered through by an inexplicable arrow of light. Right down below one looks

straight into the lighted windows, distinguishing the figure which moves about the room; while, in the far distance, there is nothing but a faint reddish haze, rising dubiously into the night, as if the lusts of Paris smoked to the skies. Night after night I have been up to this odd, fascinating little corner, mainly to look at all I had left behind.

It is June, 1920, and I have found my way up the steep, curious, thronged and narrow rue Lepic, that leads to the Moulin de la Galette, and, after climbing ladder after ladder, I find myself on the Butte. The vision I have of Paris is of something unending, immense, unreal yet real, under a misty sky where the horizon ends in smoke. I see Notre Dame, formidable, roofs and roofs and roofs, domes and chimneys, houses tightly packed together in an intolerable manner. Below me streets, and no people, except in one; on all sides below me are open windows and balconies and wretched flower-pots, and faces and faces, and rags—almost Venetian rags—and then space. There is a kind of naked sublimity as I gaze from this height on Paris: stupendous, a *Méryon*, a mass of surging demons, of evil spirits.

One afternoon in May I found myself on the Place Blanche, Boulevard de Clichy, Montmartre. I went there deliberately with the intention of discovering what might remain of the Moulin-Rouge I had haunted year after year, summer and spring and winter. Then I used to meet, not only Toulouse-Lautrec, either alone or seated with Chahut dancers at the little tables on both sides of the hall; but the greater part of these extraordinary women, from Nini-Patte-en-l'air, the oldest and most learned of them, whose roving eyes had a curious and intent glitter, who I named "the Maenad of the Decadence," to the *gamine* who was then La Goulue, and who was supposed, wrongly, to have genius; and from these to Grille-d'Égout, who deserved her nickname; and from her—apart from La Sauterelle, Étoile Filante, La Macarona—who had an extraordinary effrontery—Églantine, Épi-d'Or, La Ténèbreuse (who was tenebrous); from these to the adorable, the fascinating beyond all imaginable fascination, La Mélinite, whose name in the world was Jane Avril.

On that afternoon I had gone in a taxi from La Place de la Concorde to la rue Pigalle, and had climbed up that

steep street. *Dans les temps de jadis* I generally went from the Latin Quarter on that ponderous omnibus, the "Batignolle-Clichy-Odéon," right across Paris, across streets I know by heart—such as the ambiguous Chaussée-d'Antin—and then up the rue Notre Dame-de-Lorette, which, however much favoured by the Lorettes of the time of Gavarni, may still be, perhaps, less favoured by their unillustrious descendants of the rue de Bréda and other similar streets, to the point where I got out; to see before me, as if at the other side of the street, across the broad open space of the Place Blanche, the red bulk and waving sails of the Moulin-Rouge.

I am as avid of discoveries as of adventures: I have had far and away too many adventures, in unequal mixtures of good and bad ones, for the most infallible memory to remember; I have made certain original discoveries, all of which have gone into my books; as for this last adventure, which I supposed could be nothing less than a misadventure, it turned out to be—certainly—sinister. I saw—I saw to my surprise—on the opposite side of the square, the black and rusty red ruins of the Moulin-Rouge; the huge wheels that used to turn, turn, always under glowing sunsets, stained by the sunset's fiery colour, were black, hideously black, and ominously silent. The crescent at the top had faded as the faintest crescent moon fades into the night; an ironical image, it seemed to me, of what is the ruling star of the Turks, seen on every height in Constantinople. I went across to gaze up to these ruins—ruins left to themselves, as such ruins ought to be, in Paris—from the *Cabaret le Grelot;* even the name of the Moulin-Rouge is not effaced. One ought always to respect—as Parisians mostly do—names that remain, in one's memory, wonderful. Over one of the doors, under a grimacing girl's image above it, I read: "Quadrilles. Dimanches et Fêtes. Matinées à trois heures. Bal à Orchestre." Then—sadly or not—I went my way in another direction.

Montmartre was in Lautrec's blood; Montmartre possessed him, as it were bodily and unspiritually. The Moulin-Rouge was certainly glorious to Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; he made it more glorious than it ever was. Once inside he sought for the physical signs of

the vices of men and of women. The red wings of the Windmill, turned, turned, flower-like, every night; it was always to me a matter of intense excitement—for I never knew what surprises, what chances, what hazards, might not meet me at any given moment; a dancing-girl, a street girl, a Lesbian. So these Parisian and decadent enchantments seized furiously on this painter's heart—on so much of his life, on so much of his genius.

II.

To be great, to be a man of genius, to be famous, to be much loved and much hated, to be much praised and much dispraised; to have a passion for creation and a passion for women; to be descended from one of the oldest French families; to be abnormal and inhuman; to be neither dissipated nor degenerate; to have sardonic humour and intense presence of mind; to adore nights more than days—to adore and to detest immensely; to squander much of one's substance in riotous living, to have a terribly direct eye and as direct a force of hand; to be capable of painting certain things which have never yet existed for us on the canvas; to be angry with his material, as his brutal instincts seize hold on him; these, chosen at random, are certain of the distinguishing qualities of Lautrec—certain of his elemental emotions.

I am inclined to apply to Lautrec this sentence I wrote in Naples on Saint Augustine: "Intellectual pride, one sees in him indeed at all times, by the very force with which it is repressed into humility; and, in all that relates to that mistress, in the famous cry, 'Give me chastity, but not yet!' we see the force of the flesh, in one who lived always with so passionate a life, alike of the spirit and of the senses." This lyrical cry Lautrec might have uttered in a moment of sensual rapture; for, as we all sin, so we exult over our sins in a most vivid remembrance of them; with, rarely, the vision of chastity wavering on our restless imaginations. It is with the same lyrical rage that Castiza, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, hurls at her unchaste mother these words:

"Mother, come from that poisonous woman there!"

So, with all a lover's passionate hate, Catullus cries at Lesbia:

> "Ah! This torpor that creeps like a poison from vein to vein,
> Every joy that was once a joy from my heart has chased:
> Now I ask no longer that she should love me again,
> Or, what never can be, that she would choose to be chaste."

Yet, to return to Toulouse-Lautrec, who was himself, the ultimate of his curiosities, was it himself, really, that he had been seeking all the time, conscious at least of that in all the deviations of his way?

Lautrec had a collection of curious idols; and some might have resembled those of Hippolytus. "Very different, certainly, from the cruel-featured little idol his mother had brought in her bundle—the old Scythian Artemis, hanging on the wall, side by side with the forgotten Ceres, blood-red, reveals herself as a virgin." "You could hardly tell," I continue to quote Pater, "where the apartment of the adulteress ended and that of the divine courtesan began. Haunts of her long, indolent, self-pleasing nights and days, they represented everywhere the impress of Phaedra's luxurious humour." How such luxurious sensations as these would have appealed to Lautrec's luxurious taste; might indeed have inspired him to create a picture representing the courtesan's room, with the cruel idols on the walls, the glow of heady lamplight, the scent of the incense, the dizzy wheel that turns, as Phaedra cuts secretly from her son shreds of stuff from his sleeve—and, crouching as in some unclean stye or shrine the almost formless goddess, clad afresh in piquant change of raiment.

Lautrec never saw "life in the round," as Balzac did, immensely; he had none of Balzac's creative genius, in spite of the originality of his own genius; and yet, as I read this sentence I wrote on Balzac in Madrid: "For Balzac is the equivalent of great cities," some of what is most elemental in Lautrec's work—which is entirely and absolutely Parisian—seems to be summed up in this phrase; only, for "great cities" read "Paris." I can but conjecture that the love of Balzac for Paris was as passionate as Lautrec's; conjectures are vain; but the truth is that, as there is abnormality in the genius of these two artists, certainly they had a passion for the abnormal. Take, for instance, *La Fille aux Yeux d'or*, *Sarrasine*,

certain pages of *Père Goriot*. The abnormality of Goriot is that his unjustified passion for his faithless daughters is as abnormal as King Lear's. Goriot is a Lear at heart, and he suffers the same tortures and humiliations. But where Lear grows up before the mind's eye into a vast cloud and shadowy monument of trouble, Goriot grows downward into the earth and takes root there, wrapping the dust about all his fibres.

Take *Une Passion dans le Désert* (1830), and read it as I read it in *La Revue de Paris* ; and, having finished it, try to imagine how much of this passion of the panther for the man is normal and how much is abnormal. "La Tête se distinguait par une rare expression de finesse, la froide cruauté des tigres y dominait bien, mais il y avait aussi une vague ressemblance avec le physionomie d'une femme artificieuse. Enfin la figure de cette reine solitaire révélait en ce moment une sorte de gaieté semblable à celle de Néron ivre : elle s'était désalterée dans le sang et voulait jouir." Compare with this *La Belle Impéria* and almost the whole of *Les Contes Drôlatiques*, and again I can but imagine that the preponderance is in favour of abnormality.

III.

A certain cousin of Lautrec, Gabriel Tapié de Cileyran, entered the hospital Saint-Louis as surgeon's assistant under the surgeon Péau. It was in this very hospital that I visited Paul Verlaine every week when I was in Paris, and I never saw anyone so cheerful as he was. His whole face would wrinkle as he told me, in his emphatic, confiding way, everything that entered into his head; the droll stories cut short by a groan, a lamentation, a sudden fury of reminiscence, at which his whole face would convulse, the wild eyebrows slanting up and down; and then, suddenly, the good laugh would be back, clearing the air.

Lautrec interrogated the student in medicine and, being always curious, developed a passion for surgery; and on one occasion he brought with him La Goulue. As the memory of this atrocious creature starts up before me, in the very act of her furious dancing, I give my version of Baudelaire's *Mademoiselle Bistouri*.

"As I came to the corner of a street in Montmartre,

under the gaslight, I felt an arm glide under mine, and I heard a voice that said to me: 'Are you a doctor, sir?'

"I looked at her; she was a tall, robust girl, with wide open eyes, not too much rouged, her hair waving in the wind with her strings of her bonnet.

"'No! I am not a doctor. Let me go.'

"'Oh, yes! You are a doctor; that's certain. You must come home with me. You'll be all right there! Of course, you must let me come and see you, not just yet, for, as one says, "*After the doctor the devil.*" Ah,' said she, always hanging on my arm, bursting into laughter, 'you are a farcical doctor. I have known any amount of them. Come!'

"I love passionately every form of mystery, and because I have always the intense desire of unravelling it, I let myself be guided by this strange creature, or rather by this unexpected Enigma.

"I omit the description of her room; one can find descriptions of such rooms in the pages of famous old French poets. Only, one detail Régnier seemed not to have perceived, struck me; that there were several portraits of celebrated doctors hung on the walls.

"How splendidly she treated me! A big fire, warm wine, cigars; and as she offered me these good things, lighting for herself a cigar, the facetious creature said to me: 'Do, my dear, just what you might have done were you at home. That ought to remind you of the hospital and of the jolly years of youth. But how is it that your hair has turned grey? You didn't use to look like that when you were house-surgeon of L. Of course, it was you who assisted him in serious operations. There was a man who loved to cut and clip and pare away! And it was you who held the instruments, the strings and sponges. As for him, no sooner was the operation over, than he took out his watch and said proudly: "Done in five minutes!" As for me, I go everywhere. I know quite a lot of doctors.'

"A few instants after she went on with her intolerable refrain: 'You are a doctor, are you not, my Cat?'

"This unintelligible repetition of words made me leap up. 'No!' I cried furiously.

"'Perhaps a physician?'

"'No! No! Unless it were the question of cutting off your own head!'

"'Wait,' said she, 'you shall see.'

"She undid a packet of papers which were nothing more than a collection of the portraits of famous doctors, lithographed by Maurin, such as I always used to see exposed for sale on the Quai Voltaire, when I lived in the Hôtel Voltaire.

"'Well, what of that?'

"'That's X.; besides, his name's there. I know him personally.'

"'I knew you did! Here's Z., who said as he spoke of X.: "This monster has engraved on his face the blackness of his soul!" And all that, because the other wasn't of the same opinion in the same affair! How one roared with laughter. Don't you remember? Here's K., who denounced the insurgents to the Government—in spite of the fact that they were in his hospital. That was the year of the insurrections. How is it conceivable that gorgeous man had so little in the way of a heart? Here's Q., a famous English doctor; I seized on him the last time he was in Paris. Hasn't he a ladylike look?'

"Then, as I touched a sealed packet, she said: 'Wait a little; these are the house-surgeons, and these, in this packet, are assistant physicians.'

"She flourished out in a fan-shape a mass of photographer's images representing much younger physicians.

"'When we next meet, you'll give me your portrait, won't you, my dear?'

"'But,' said I to her, following in my turn, I also, my own fixed idea, 'why do you suppose I'm a doctor?'

"'Why not? You are so jolly, don't you know, for women such as we are?'

"'Singular logic!' I said to myself.

"'Oh! I don't ever deceive myself! I can't help loving these doctors, and, in spite of never being ill, I often go to see them, simply for no reason but that of seeing them. Some say to me coldly: "You are not in the least ill!" But there are others who understand me, just because I make faces at them.'

"'And when they don't understand you?'

"'I? When I have deranged them uselessly, I leave

ten francs—as usual—on the mantelpiece. I discovered in La Pitié a young house-surgeon as jolly as an angel, and so polite! and who works, poor fellow! Some say he hasn't a penny, perhaps for the reason that his parents aren't able to send him any money. That gave me an idea. After all, I'm still good-looking enough, in spite of not being young; so I said to him: "Come and see me, come and see me often. I won't ever bother you; I haven't any need of money." But you see I had my own way of making him understand all that. I never said anything harsh to him; I was so horribly afraid of his humiliation. Don't you believe I had a droll desire I never dared mention to him? I only wanted him to come and see me with his case of surgical instruments and his apron, even with a little blood on it!'

"She said that with so simple an air, such as a man might say to an actress he loved: 'I want to see you dressed in the fantastic trappings you wore when you acted that famous part you created.'

"I, always obstinate, answered her: 'Can you remember the exact year and the exact occasion when this particular passion came into your head?'

"I found it hard to make her understand what I meant; finally I succeeded. She turned aside her eyes and answered me with a curious note of sadness: 'I don't know—I don't even remember.'

"What extravagant sights and sensations does one not find in so immense a city, when one knows how to wander and watch? Life swarms with innocent monsters—Lord, my God! You the Creator, you the Master; you who have made Law and Liberty; you the Sovereign who lets one do as one likes; you the Judge who pardons; you who are full of motives and of causes, and who have perhaps put in my spirit the taste of horror so that my heart might be converted, as one is healed by the touch of the blade of a sword; Lord, have pity, have pity of madmen and of madwomen! O Creator! Can there exist monsters in the eyes of Him who alone knows why they exist, how they *have made themselves*, and why they have been unable to do otherwise?"

The Control of the Life-Cycle

By Julian Huxley

THE control of the cycle of life in organisms is a problem of the most intricate nature, which touches not only upon the fundamentals of biology, but upon very many questions of the intensest concern to the human race. It is not in our power to give a connected account of the control of growth, for we do not yet know enough to be able to give any such account. All that can be done is to present some of the isolated views which we have been able to obtain, through the loopholes made by scientific research, on to these hidden places of Nature, and to show what hopes this knowledge raises, but also what great need remains for organised and sustained research.

The concept of the life-cycle in higher animals involves at least six important biological processes. There is the origin of the individual's first rudiments; then growth or increase in mass; then differentiation or increase in complexity; then the maintenance of a state of balance, the condition of maturity; then senility; and, lastly, death.

The individual creature, among every group of the higher animals, starts an independent life at fertilization, which is simply the fusion of two cells detached from particular tissues of two other animals, male and female. It begins life, not, as was supposed some century-and-a-half ago, as an immensely-reduced replica of its adult state, but as a germ, the fertilised ovum, which bears no resemblance to the adult, and is incomparably simpler in structure. Development consists partly in an increase of size, but even more essentially in an increase of complexity.

At the outset, the human individual consists only of a simple unit of living substance, or cell, a tiny round mass of protoplasm containing a nucleus and some yolk-grains, and measuring, in the human being, but $\frac{1}{125}$ of an inch in

diameter. When we set about making a machine, we draw out a plan, then construct the parts separately, and finally fit them together. The living machine which we call the body, however, is built in quite a different way; for it constructs its own plan as it goes along.

For instance, the first step in human development is the division of the germ into a great number of cells. In the next stage these cells become arranged in three layers, an outer, an inner, and a middle. This is the rough ground-plan, and is common to all animals above the level of jelly-fish, sponges, and sea-anemones. The next step forward is the formation from these layers of a much more detailed and definite ground-plan; the systems of organs are laid down. The first rudiments of the brain and nervous system, of the digestive organs, of the blood system, the kidneys, the muscles, the skin, the skeleton and the reproductive organs appear. They are only blocked out, but they arise in a definite arrangement, and this arrangement is similar in all vertebrated animals.

These systems then each elaborate their own plan, the different parts of each system becoming visible; and finally these parts, or organs, become transformed, by the differentiation of their unit-cells, from mere blocks of tissue situated in their proper places in the plan, into actual working mechanisms which from now on play each their particular *rôle* in the upkeep and working of the animal as a whole.

To take but one example, the whole of the brain, spinal cord, and nerves constitute a single organ-system. In the very early embryo it consists simply of a hollow tube, running along the back, slightly swollen in the head, and without traces of nerve-fibres or nerve-cells. Later, the brain and its parts appear in plan, and the walls of the tube become enormously thickened, both in the brain, and in the rest of the tube, which we can now call the spinal cord. Finally, the nerves grow out from the brain and spinal cord, and enter into communication with every part of the body, forming a go-between system, allowing impressions from the outer world to be met by appropriate motions; and meanwhile the cells constituting the cord and brain become themselves totally transformed, producing a number of branching and interlacing twigs by means of which

communication within the nervous system is made possible, and so, finally, association of ideas, memory, and reason.

The differentiation of the separate cells in the tissues occurs in every organ, in every tissue. In early stages the various cells are all much alike; in later stages each is characteristic. In the embryo all cells are roughly spherical or cubical, without noticeable structure. In the adult, however, we have the branched nerve-cell, the long, striated, contractile or muscle-cell, the gland-cell containing chemical products, the bone-cell which lays down layers of hard substance round itself, the red blood-cells—mere discs to carry oxygen—and many other distinct and differentiated types. By this time the baby will be ready to be born. During the whole of its ante-natal period, we thus see that there has not only been an enormous increase in bulk, but also an increase in visible complexity, both in the origin of a great many different parts arranged according to a definite plan, and also in the form and arrangement of the cells which make up these parts. In other words, there has been an increase in organisation; and this increase in organisation we call differentiation.

Once arrived at this differentiated state, the new-born baby has a long period of growth still before it, but with very little further differentiation. It is important to notice that the power of growth is progressively lost. If we measure growth not by total bulk, but by the percentage of the previous total added in a given time, we see that the growth of a child shows a continuous falling off. Minot has estimated that under two per cent. of the potentiality of growth resident in the human ovum is still present at birth; if anything, his estimate seems to be above the mark.

At length, however, he or she reaches full size, and then follows the period when neither growth nor differentiation is occurring, the adult period, or period of maturity. This lasts a number of years—many more, indeed, than those needed to attain full size—but finally (if the man has not died from disease or accident) there follows the period of old age, accompanied by loss of weight, loss of activity, loss of faculties, and this downward path eventually leads inevitably to death—to natural, as opposed to accidental, death. In man and all the higher animals we have this cycle of existence, always proceeding in the same way;

growth intertwined with differentiation at first, then growth with little or no differentiation, then maturity, a stable period without either growth or differentiation, and finally senility leading on to death.

We know that different animals have different values for these various periods. A rat, for instance, completes the whole cycle in two and a half to three years, a mouse in about two, a common white butterfly in a year, a parrot in a hundred years. Even in one species, such as man, there are considerable variations in the rate of growth, amount of growth, and length of life; but each animal has limits set to this variation, and we are given no clue by ordinary experience as to whether this type of life-cycle is fixed and unalterable for all living things, or whether there is any prospect of our being able to alter it, either by changing the rate or the length of growth, or extending the span of life.

To these questions there are two ways of getting an answer: first, by observation—by comparison of the life-cycles of all available forms of life; and, secondly, by experiment—by trying directly whether the life-cycle can be altered "according to plan."

Three introductory examples will, I hope, make those who are not familiar with comparative biology realise that many of the so-called "common-sense" views generally held about growth and age are simply held because they embody familiar facts, and are just as false as other ideas once held to be equally dictated by "common-sense," such as the geocentric universe or the flat earth.

The first concerns death. Weismann, the great German zoologist, towards the end of last century enunciated his doctrine of the Immortality of the Protozoa. This, for all its theological flavour, in reality embodies a simple and verifiable fact. The protozoa are animals whose body consists but of a single cell, not of thousands or millions, like those of higher animals; they are thus all small, and some approach the original type of animal life. Paramecium is one which is often used for experiment, because of its comparatively large size (it is just visible to the naked eye), its abundance, and the ease with which it can be kept in infusions of hay. It is an elongated creature, covered with movable bristles by which it swims,

and provided with a mouth and gullet through which it engulfs its bacterial food.

In the course of a few hours, it will grow to its full size. A constriction then appears and deepens across its centre, some of the internal organs divide, a new mouth is formed in one half, and in an hour or so separation of the halves takes place, and two paramecia are swimming about where but one was before. This is clearly a form of reproduction; and it is by such reproduction that almost all protozoa multiply.

It is obvious that nothing has been lost in the process; there is no corpse, no new-born infant—the one old individual has simply become two new individuals. There is evidence that this process can be repeated indefinitely. If so, it is further obvious that natural death has no chance to step in—meaning by natural death a death resulting from ageing, from inner causes, not mere accidental death through causes external to the animal. In ourselves, and all higher creatures, the growth of the body eventually must bring death; in the protozoa it never need. That is one of the penalties we have paid for our complexity. We see also that in Paramecium there is very little differentiation. In an hour or so, the dividing cell produces the parts needed; but there is never a time when we can say that Paramecium is undifferentiated, in a condition like our own earliest stages.

The next example I shall give still further upsets our ideas of differentiation; for it shows that differentiation need not always proceed in the same direction, but that animals may sometimes live backwards, if I may use the phrase, as well as forward. Clavellina is a creature over an inch long, belonging to the group of Ascidians, and so infinitely more complex than any protozoon. It lives in the sea attached to rocks and piles, continuously producing a current to sweep its food into its pharynx, which is nothing but a great strainer, like the whalebone of a whale, to strain the solid particles from the water.

When this creature is kept in unfavourable conditions, as, for instance, in a small volume of water which is not renewed, a change comes over it. It shuts the orifices of its current; it shrinks in size; it loses its beautiful transparency. Finally, instead of the complex and active

creature, there remains only a little, opaque, white ball, the bulk of which is perhaps one-tenth that of the original animal. In its interior the organs are reduced to mere bags, and the constituent cells have become of the simple type seen in a young growing animal. Individual, organs, and cells alike have actually gone backwards in differentiation, or, as we say, they have *dedifferentiated*. But if now we take this white ball, which is almost as unlike an adult Clavellina as a human ovum is to a man, and replace it in clean water, it will gradually unfold again, and in a few days a new healthy individual will appear. In the fewest possible words, differentiation need not always go in one direction only; it may be reversible.

Our third anti-common-sense example is one with which all are perfectly acquainted; I mean the life-cycle of a butterfly—from an egg to a caterpillar, from a caterpillar to a chrysalis, and from a chrysalis to the winged, perfect insect. That transformation has been made the subject of many sermons on the topic of the life to come; but its real application is rather to this present life on earth. Familiar as is this metamorphosis, most are aware only of its external aspects; but it is the inner happenings that are really more remarkable. Within the chrysalis shell, the active organs of the caterpillar break down into a mere pulpy mass, good only as a source of nutriment, no longer capable of living or working for themselves. The only living portions left are small scattered blocks of cells, the so-called imaginal discs, which have remained rudimentary and functionless throughout the caterpillar stage. These now absorb food from the broken-down mass of caterpillar-tissue, and eventually grow into the organs of the butterfly.

This shows us that within a single cycle of life, differentiation may take place in two entirely different directions. The same original egg turns first into the worm-like, leaf-eating feeding-machine which we call a caterpillar, and later into a beautiful winged creature, honey-eating, active, concerned chiefly with reproduction. But the one form cannot turn *directly* into the other. The old must be broken down, and the new built from the foundations up. What is true of bodily differentiation here is true of mental differentiation in ourselves. It often happens that a man's mind is differentiated very highly in one direction early

in life, and that later in life the same man will have acquired a quite different type of mind; but in the intervening period there will have, almost without exception, been a difficult time of transition, in which the old system was being broken down, the new built up. But that is a digression.

Let us hope that by now the reader's general ideas on growth, differentiation and death will have been thoroughly upset! If so, we can proceed to discuss the control of growth more systematically.

In a simple but classical experiment of Hertwig's, a batch of frog's eggs was divided into four portions. One was kept at 11.5°C., one at 15°, one at 20°, and the fourth at 24°C. After three days, the first had not completed their primary ground-plan, and were still simple spheres; the last were ready to hatch; and the other two were intermediate. It is obvious that higher temperature goes hand in hand with quicker development. That is a practical, tangible fact. But it raises at once a philosophical problem of the most searching kind. It raises the problem, which in another form has been propounded by Professor Bergson, of the relation of time to true being.

What is the true age of these four batches of embryos? They have all been alive the same length of days, hours, and minutes. But each has accomplished a different portion of its essential cycle of being, each has penetrated a different distance along the road which leads to old age and death. Judged by outer standards, they are of the same age; judged by standards relative only to themselves, they are all of different ages. This, you will see, is the same distinction on the physiological plane that Bergson has found it necessary to carry out on the psychological plane. To point the moral, we will take a further example, and this time one involving the end of life instead of the beginning.

As is well-known, many insects live but a short time, some of them only a few weeks, or even a few days. Now this span of life, too, is a function, in the mathematical sense, of temperature. At a high temperature it is shortened, at a low temperature, lengthened. For instance, Professor Loeb has investigated the duration of

life of a little fruit-fly, Drosophila by name. At 30°C. the length of life, from hatching to dying, was 21 days; at 20°C. it was 54 days, and at 10°C. 177 days, or nearly six months. Thus the processes which lead up to and involve death are accelerated by heat. What is more, they are accelerated in a regular manner, and in essentially the same way and degree as are all ordinary chemical reactions. The rate of most chemical reactions is roughly doubled or trebled for each increase of 10°C. within the range of temperature within which life is possible; and so are the processes of life. The fly lives more intensely at the higher temperature; but it draws proportionately nearer to its death—a situation not unlike that in Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin.*

Once more the question is raised whether age should be reckoned from the outside or from the inside. We shall have to return to that question later, and, I hope, settle it. Here we must go back to the more specific point, the action of different temperatures.

This extraordinary diversity in rate of growth or rate of ageing with different temperature, which we find in frog or fly, and indeed in all the lower animals, does not exist for man or mammal or bird. Why not? For the reason that, as regards temperature, we and these other creatures are self-regulating. We are what is popularly called warm-blooded; which really means not warm-blooded at all, but constant-temperature-blooded. Warm-blooded animals have contrived an internal temperature environment for themselves which is, within very wide limits, independent of the temperature changes taking place in the world outside. The development of such self-regulating mechanisms, indeed, some regulating temperature, some the chemical composition of the blood, some operating psychologically, has been one of the great achievements of evolution, and the relative independence accruing to their possessors is one of the hall-marks of a higher type.

It is thus obvious that we shall not be able to alter the rate of growth in man by altering the temperature, for the simple reason that we cannot alter the temperature.

Such failures pursue us throughout our investigation; again and again we find that in some lower animal growth or length of life can be controlled, only to discover, when

we seek to apply our knowledge to man, that there stands in the way either his very complexity or the exquisiteness of his self-adjusting machinery, which resists the efforts made to tamper with it.

In the higher animals, the regulation of growth is largely carried out by the organs known as the ductless glands, of which the best known are the thyroid and adrenals. The origin of our knowledge of the normal, as so often, came from a study of the abnormal; and it was through an investigation of the diseased state known as cretinism that we gained the first inkling of the functions of the thyroid.

Cretins are stunted in a particular way both in body and mind. Their condition was found to be associated with a diseased and insufficient thyroid gland. Finally, treatment with preparations of thyroid led, in most cases, to the transformation to a healthy, normal individual.

Many of the processes of life in cretins appear to be slowed down. This is seen, too, in the disease known as myxœdema, where the thyroid becomes diseased during maturity. In patients suffering from this, the skin becomes thick and whitish, the features heavy, and, most marked symptom of all, the mind grows distressingly slow. Here again simple restoration of the proper thyroid balance usually leads to recovered health.

Acromegaly is another curious disease. In sufferers from this, there is a progressive increase in the bony structures of face and extremities, patients having to discard their old gloves and shoes, and take to larger and larger sizes. Worst of all, the features get heavy and coarse, and the most attractive men and women are transformed into hateful caricatures of their original selves. Autopsies show that this disease is associated with a diseased and overgrown condition of the pituitary body, another ductless gland attached to the base of the brain. The very tall men, the giants of fairs and circuses, in whom the whole body shoots up abnormally in height, seem to be produced by a similar state of the pituitary, but operating earlier in life, while the bones are still growing.

By these observations it became clear that both thyroid and pituitary were in some way connected with growth. Experiment has extended our knowledge. We have

already spoken of the protozoa in general and Paramecium in particular. Paramecium, when thyroid powder is added to its diet, reacts by an increased division-rate. As we have seen, it reproduces by simple division into two, each of which then grows up to its parent's size and repeats the process. If we average out the number of times this occurs per day, we have a measure of the reproductive capacity of the strain. Now, the division-rate of thyroid-fed Paramecium was 60 per cent. above that of the normals. In other words, where the normal had divided five times, to produce 32 offspring, the thyroid-treated cell had divided eight times, to produce 256 offspring; where the one had accomplished ten divisions, the other had accomplished sixteen, and the offspring, if all had survived, would have been in the ratio of 1,024 to over 65,000. But all the time the appearance of the paramecia was very like that seen when they are starved; and this is corroborated by the fact that excess of thyroid administration in man leads always to increased appetite and decreased weight. Apparently the effect of thyroid is to liberate the stored energy of living protoplasm, to cause some of the breaking-down or katabolic processes of life to go on at a higher rate. In Paramecium this can be just compensated for. A thyroid-fed strain of Paramecium is like a man living comfortably, with a good income, but always a slight debit balance at the bank. In man, however, it would appear that long-continued administration of thyroid in any quantity progressively overdraws the balance, and is not compatible with health. Paramecia fed with pituitary, on the other hand, also divide more rapidly, but do not show any untoward symptoms. The converse experiment is to subtract pituitary from the organism. Young dogs from which some of the pituitary has been removed grow extremely slowly, become excessively fat, and in many ways remain in an infantile stage.

(*To be continued.*)

The Will to Art

By Richard Whiteing

THE will to do a thing is mainly a force in itself; and it would be reckoned so, but for its misuse as a shibboleth by some of its friends. It can have no place in those fashionable philosophies that have their rise in the drawing-room, and their end in the dustbin. It is really of a much more simple nature. The true secret of its appeal is persuasive—to follow the promptings of one's wishes, and to make light of the difficulties that stand in the way. Let us say to treat these, as the trifles they simply are, if boldly faced. Hence the book of travel suggested by curiosity about places and people is usually the brightest and the most alluring, while the treatise on travel is a bit of bore.

Mrs. Alec. Tweedie's book on her journey to Mexico was a case in point. It was a revelation of the country, by a modern to the moderns, leaving the Incas and the Aztecs for the *savans* to break their teeth on in the old way. What was the Mexico of the moment? President Diaz was in power, and his power gave peace to a distracted land. But how had he managed it? There was but one thing to do, thought the lady, to go and see—with an outfit reduced to absolute needs, among them a riding whip. For the rest the difficulties had to take care of themselves, as they rose in their natural order. The fruit of this and of other bold adventures in travel was some twenty books, or articles for the magazines—the latter especially for the ENGLISH REVIEW, to which she has been a constant contributor.

Now has come a new craving, but only "to date." Her pen has served her well—why not show what she can do with the brush? Drawing was not neglected in her education, but hitherto she has treated it as a mere bye-product of her leisure. She sketched freely during her travels, but she had kept the results entirely to herself. Why not make them the basis of a new appeal to the public on their merits?

Her friend, Geneviève Ward, has had much to do with this resolve. "Yours has been the most fruitfully busy life I know," she once wrote, in her memoirs. It was no empty compliment. Miss Ward had set the example in her own case. Her voice failing her in the midst of her triumphs on the lyric stage, she swung round into dramatic art, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Mrs. Tweedie is now doing something of the same nature, with only a difference in the conditions of the problem. For the last two years she has been on a world pilgrimage, if not exactly from China to Peru, certainly from Spain as a starting point, to India as the goal, by way of France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Syria, and the Nile. Some three or four hundred sketches are the result; and they have the Gallery of the Alpine Club for their show-room. With this, the case is before the public for a verdict. My own impression is that it will be favourable. The artist has the secret, which is to think in colour, and let the form take care of itself. This is what we all do in the actual visualisation of things. Persons and scenes are realised as colour schemes, not as outline schemes, merely filled in. A Spanish cathedral—everything, in fact, in Spain—expresses itself in that way, the religion especially. A great religious service is emotion rendered in the terms of colour. This is why it soon transcends the limits of the edifice, and takes to the open street. The banners are a colour, the vestments of the priests another, the crowds the same, the flame of the tapers one more. The outlines as such are quite elusive; the whole is a blended mass of great primaries in red or orange, violet or blue, and the rest of it, seen in the drawing, just as it is seen in life. So with the Indian collection on the like principle. The true artist is the "colour-intoxicated" man, as Spinoza, in a happy characterisation, was said to be the "religion-intoxicated" one. Both turn instinctively to light. Hence the new art which has taken the modern artist out of his studio into the open air, never to return to the tricks of the folded curtain, or the meagre infiltration of rays from chinks in the roof. The method is still on its trial, to be sure; but I shall be greatly surprised if this collection does not carry it another step forward on its triumphant way.

Letters: Posted and Unposted (vii)

By Constance Malleson

36

PLYMOUTH,
February 14th, 1919.

I didn't mean to write to you to-night, but I've been all the afternoon with our stage manager and his wife, and it's somehow stirred the depths of me. Unhappiness always does. There's a fine courage about her, but he won't work, and he drinks more than is good for him. She had her eyes all full of tears to-day.

I left them and came out into the darkness, the wave-beaten darkness; and I saw the shining harbour lights, and I felt the salt spray against my face, and as the whole vast splendour of sea and sky swept over me, I felt I must write to you.

If there were anything to forgive, I would forgive you, not "some day," but now. But there isn't, there isn't anything at all, my dear. You say you are "floundering." I suppose we all do at some time or other in our lives. And it may seem odd, but if I could wish anything for you, I'd wish that you might flounder in the uttermost depths; though they're more terrible than the shallow places, one has a greater wisdom for having fathomed them.

I believe, not in God the Father and God the Son, but in the pity and the splendour of all human life. I couldn't bear not to feel as passionately about our stage manager and his wife, as I do about freedom, or truth, or about decent conditions of life, or as I have felt about loving you. That's why I'd rather know you deeply unhappy about Anne, than trivially, momentarily happy with anyone else.

UNPOSTED

I

MANCHESTER,
February 24th, 1919.

A month ago I wrote "good-bye." Only a month! And now, in the failure of another unposted letter, I write

to you again. I sit down and write because I still love you. In impotence I sit and write to you. I have torn my body from your arms, but my heart I cannot take from you.

* * * * * * *

It seems a very long time since I came back from Lynmouth. You asked me to come back, and for you I came. For you alone. In those days, I thought that my love could outweigh everything . . . but it was all an illusion. The deep heart-breaking futility of love that's not wanted. And the loneliness of it—O God!—the loneliness. Every day since I came back, every day and every night, the thought of you has been an ever-growing torture.

That night I came back, that one night, the beginning and the end; all, all my life, if I live to be a hundred, I shall remember it. I shall still hear those birds singing somewhere near your house. I shall still see the hovering beauty of that early dawn. The world was my kingdom then, and every glittering star my toy. Yet, in such a small space of time, the end. Less than ten days after, standing in your doorway, you watched me as I made my way towards the river. You had taken all my love. You had given none. I had thrown myself out of your arms; but I had only broken from the Hell of your embrace, into a freedom of Despair. Without looking back I opened the door and went out into the street. Keeping close to the railings, I slipped mechanically through the dawn.

* * * * * * *

Through my tears I saw again the towers of Westminster. Across the devastation of all I had hoped, of all I had desired, inexorable and relentless as the new-born day, Big Ben's deep chime shattered the passing dawn. I stood still. I did not lift my head, I did not cry my pain aloud. The crying out and the sobbing had passed. As I stood there, I wanted only to slip out of life.

2

March 7th, 1919.
In the Train.

It's odd that still, in spite of everything, each Sunday on our long train journeys, as I sit watching the flying landscape, the mist-crowned hills, the stretching dove-

coloured sands, and the illusive shimmer of far-off distant sea, still before my eyes, clearer than the flying landscape and even more infinitely remote than the distant sea, there streams the fleeting vision of life with you. I would make our rooms empty and clean; there would be walls white-washed and woodwork stained dark, and on the table in the middle of the room, a great bowl of flowers. There would be a kettle always boiling, and alone on the mantelpiece, a jade green pot full of the crisp, dark leaves of Souchong tea.

I would set your slippers to warm before the blazing fire . . . and Dear, when the time came that I felt a new love stirring within you, when I felt you being drawn away from me to someone else, to some new love, I would be your comrade then, and we would grow nearer to each other than ever before.

"The only perfection of which man is capable is love." I would not deface or smirch the delicate beauty of that perfection; I would guard it from the bitterness of hurt vanity, from ugly possessiveness; I would guard it from the cannibalism that is for ever lurking beneath love. And I do not think that I would easily surrender my equality.

You said once: "One has to take you as one finds you." I remember it well, the time you said that. The moon was the only other living presence in the darkness of your room; the moon looking down on us through your window, and binding our hearts with an invisible magic.

3

LEEDS,
March 10th, 1919.

I have believed until now, that perhaps some day, after many months, you would come to care for me; that something big growing up between us would break into life and flame—— Far-flung, the splendour of our love to the very dome of heaven mounting, across the whole world stretching, flaming, and leaping, and spilling upon earth a great glory. But to-day, for the first time, I have re-read all your letters. There are exactly twelve. After reading them, I know irrefutably and for ever, that you could never care for me. Everything, all my love, means and has meant absolutely

nothing to you. It cannot even touch you. But just as it's not in your power to love me, it's not in my power to stop loving you. Here, in the cheap lodgings where I came to forget, I sit and think of you . . . I write to you . . . . . Unposted letters!

Though I have said good-bye, though I have come away, I cannot, cannot forget you.

4

LONDON,
September 3rd, 1919.

You have achieved success!

To-night, just as on that night a year ago, when first I wrote to you, I sat again in the darkness of the stalls waiting to see you act. Your performance was wonderful—perfectly conceived and perfectly executed, terrible and splendid in its acuteness. You seemed to express the whole helpless impotence of man; the whole of the world's immense unhappiness.

* * * * * * *

Now that the magic of your eyes and the music of your voice have been set free for the world, I feel strangely happy. Though life is falling away from me, and I don't care enough to raise a finger to prevent it—though I only want solitude now, and work—still, I am . . . happy.

I think that love, however strong, cannot be the fundamental thing in life. That is solitariness. And yet . . . . love can conquer solitariness. And love is worth the seeking, worth the dreaming and the striving, worth the torture and the pain. Love is worth infinite enforced returns to solitude; and love is worth a world of despair.

Onanonanon

By Algernon Blackwood

CERTAIN things had made a deep impression in his childhood days; among these was the incident of the barking dog.

It barked during his convalescence from something that involved scarlet and a peeling skin; his early mind associated bright colour and peeling skin with the distress of illness. The tiresome barking of a dog accompanied it. In later years this sound always brought back the childhood visualisation: across his mind would flit a streak of vivid colour, a peeling skin, a noisy dog, all set against a background of emotional discomfort and physical distress.

"It's barking at *me*!" he complained to his old nurse, whose explanation that it was "Carlo with his rheumatics in the stables" brought no relief. He spoke to his mother later: 'It never, never stops. It goes on and on and on on purpose—onanonanon!"

How queer the words sounded! He had got them wrong somewhere—onanonanon. Or was it a name, the name of the barking animal—Onan Onan Onanonanon?

His mother's words were more comforting: "Carlo's barking because you're ill, darling; he wants you to get well." And she added: "Soon I'll bring him in to see you. You shall ride on his back again."

"Would he peel if I stroked him?" he enquired, a trifle frightened. "Is the skin shiny lik mine?"

She shook her head and smiled. "I'll explain to him," she went on, "and then he'll understand. He won't bark any more." She brought the picture-book of natural history that included all creatures in Ark and Zoo and Jungle. He picked out the brightly-coloured tiger.

"A *tiger* doesn't bark, does it?" he asked, and her reply added slightly to his knowledge, but much to his

imagination. "But does it ever *bark?*" he persisted. "That's really what I asked."

"Growls and snarls," said a deep voice from the doorway. He started; but it was only his father, who then came in and amused him by imitating the sound a tiger makes, until Carlo's naughtiness was forgotten, and the world went on turning smoothly as before.

After that the barking ceased; the rheumatic creature sniffed the air and nosed the metal biscuit tray in silence. He understood apparently. It had been rather dreadful, this noise he made. The sharp sound had broken the morning stillness for many days; no one but the boy was awake at that early hour; the boy and the dog had the dawn entirely to themselves. He used to lie in bed, counting the number of barks. They seemed endless, they jarred, they never stopped. They came singly, then in groups of three and four at a time, then in a longer series, then singly again. These single barks often had a sound of finality about them, the creature's breath was giving out, it was tired; it was the full-stop sound. But the true full-stop, the final bark, never came—and the boy had complained.

He loved old Carlo, loved riding on his burly back that wobbled from side to side, as they moved forward very slowly; in particular he loved stroking the thick curly hair; it tickled his fingers and felt nice on his palm. He was relieved to know it would not peel. Yet he wondered impatiently why the creature he loved to play with should go on making such a dreadful noise. "Doesn't he know? Can't he wait till I'm ready?" There were moments when he doubted if it really was Carlo, when he almost hated the beast, when he asked himself, "Is this Carlo, or is it Onanonanon . . . ?" The idea alarmed him rather. Onanonanon was not quite friendly, not quite safe.

* * * * * * *

At the age of fifty he found himself serving his King during the Great War—in a neutral country whose police regarded him with disfavour ,and would have instantly arrested and clapped him into gaol, had he made a slip. He did not make this slip, though incessant caution had to be his watchword. He belonged to that service which runs risks yet dare claim no credit. He passed under another name than his own, and his *alias* sometimes did things his

true self would not do. This *alter ego* developed oddly. He projected temporarily, as it were, a secondary personality—which he disliked, often despised, and sometimes even feared. His sense of humour, however, made light of the split involved. When he was followed, he used to chuckle: "I wonder if the sleuths know which of the two they're tracking down—myself or my *alias*?"

It was in the melancholy season between autumn and winter, snow on the heights and fog upon the lower levels, when he was suddenly laid low by the plague that milked the world. The Spanish influenza caught him. He went to bed; he had a doctor and a nurse; no one else in the hotel came near his room; the police forgot him, and he forgot the police. His hated *alias*, Baker, also was forgotten, or perhaps merged back into the parent self. . . . Outside his quarters on the first floor the plane-trees shed their heavy, rain-soaked leaves, letting them fall with an audible plop upon the gravel path; he heard the waves of the sullen lake in the distance; the crunching of passing feet he heard much closer. The heating was indifferent, the light too weak to read by. It was a lonely, dismal time. On the floor above two people died, three on the one below, the French officer next door was carried out. The hotel, like many others, became a hospital.

In due course, the fever passed, the intolerable aching ceased, he forgot the times when he had thought he was going to die. He lay, half convalescent, remembering the recent past, then the remoter past, and so slipped back to dim childhood scenes when the cross but faithful old nurse had tended him. He smelt the burning leaves in the kitchen-garden, and heard the blackbird whistle beyond the summer-house. The odour of moist earth in the tool-house stole back, with the fragrance of sweet apples in the forbidden loft. These earliest layers of memory fluttered their ghostly pictures like a cinema before his receptive mind. There were eyes long closed, voices long silent, the touch of hands long dead and gone. The rose-garden on a sultry August afternoon was vivid, with the smell of the rain-washed petals, as the sun blazed over them after a heavy shower. The soaked lawn emitted warm little bubbles like a soft squeezed sponge, audibly; even the gravel steamed. He remembered Carlo, with his rheu-

matism, his awkward gambol, his squashy dog-biscuit beside the kennel and—his bark.

In the state of semi-unconsciousness he lay, weary, weak, depressed and very lonely. The nurse, on her rare visits, afflicted him, the hotel guests did not ask after him. To the Service at home he was on the sick-list, useless. The morning newspaper and the hurried, perfunctory visits of the doctor were his only interest. It seemed a pity he had not died. The mental depression after influenza can be extremely devastating. He looked forward to nothing.

Then, suddenly, the dog began its barking.

He heard it first at six o'clock when, waking, hot and thirsty in a bed that had lost its comfort, he wondered vaguely if the day was going to be fine or wet. His window opened on to the lake. He watched the shadows melt across the dreary room. The late dawn came softly, its hint of beauty ever unfulfilled. Would it be gold or grey behind the mountains? The dog went on barking.

He dozed, counting the barks without being aware that he did so. He felt hot and uncomfortable, and turned over in bed, counting automatically as he did so: "fifteen, sixteen, seventeen" — pause — "eighteen, nineteen" — another pause, then with great rapidity, "twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three——" He opened his eyes wide and cursed aloud. The barking stopped.

The wind came softly off the lake, entering the room. He heard the last big leaf of the plane-trees rattle to the gravel path. As it touched the ground the barking began again, his counting—now conscious counting—began with it.

"Curse the brute!" he muttered, and turned over once more to try and sleep. The rasping, harsh, staccato sound reached his ears piercingly through sheets and blankets; not even the thick *duvet* could muffle it. Would no one stop it? Did no one care? He felt furious, but helpless, dreadfully helpless.

It barked, stopped, then barked again. There were solitary, isolated barks, followed by a rapid series, short and hurried. A shower of barks came next. Pauses were frequent, but they were worse than the actual sound. It continued, it went on, the dog barked without ceasing. It

barked and barked. He had lost all count. It barked and barked and barked. It stopped.

"At last!" he groaned. "My God! Another minute, and I——!"

His whole body, as he turned over, knew an immense, deep relaxation. His jangled nerves were utterly exhausted. A great sigh of relief escaped him. The silence was delicious. It was real silence. He rested at last. Sleep, warm and intoxicating, stole gently back. He dozed. Forgetfulness swam over him. He lay in down, in cotton-wool. Police, *alias*, nurse and loneliness were all obliterated, when, suddenly, across the blissful peace, cracked out that sharp, explosive sound again—the bark.

But the dog barked differently this time; the sound was much nearer. At first this puzzled him. Then he guessed the truth; the animal had come into the hotel and up the stairs; it was outside in the passage. He opened his eyes and sat up in bed. The door, to his surprise, was being cautiously pushed ajar. He was just in time to see who pushed it with such gentle, careful pressure. Standing on the landing in the early twilight was Baker, his other self, his *alias*, the personality he disliked and sometimes dreaded. Baker put his head round the corner, glanced at him, nodded familiarly, and withdrew, closing the door instantly, making no slightest sound. But, before it closed, and before he had time even to feel astonishment, the dog had been let in. And the dog, he saw at once, was old Carlo!

Having expected a little stranger dog, this big, shaggy, familiar beast caused him to feel a sense of curious wonder and bewilderment.

"But were *you* the dog down there that barked?" he asked aloud, as the friendly creature came waddling up to the bedside. "And have you come to say you're sorry?"

It blinked its rheumy eyes and wagged its stumpy tail. He put out his hand and stroked its familiar, wobbly back. His fingers buried themselves in the stiff crinkly hair. Its dim old eyes turned affectionately up at him. It smiled its silly, happy smile. He went on rubbing. "Carlo, good old Carlo!" he mumbled; "well, I'm blessed! I'll get on your back in a minute and ride——"

He stopped rubbing. "*Why* did you come in?" he

asked abruptly, and repeated the question, a touch of anxiety in his voice. "How did you manage it, really? Tell me, Carlo?"

The old beast shifted its position a little, making a sideways motion that he did not like. It seemed to move its hind legs only. Its muzzle now rested on the bed. Its eyes, seen full, looked not quite so kind and friendly. They cleared a little. But its tail still wagged. Only, now that he saw it better, the tail seemed longer than it ought to have been. There was something unpleasant about the dog—a faint inexplicable shade of difference. He stared a moment straight into its face. It no longer blinked in the silly, affectionate way as at first. The rheum was less. There was a light, a gleam, in the eyes, almost a flash.

"*Are* you—Carlo?" he asked sharply, uneasily, "or are you—Onanonanon?"

It rose abruptly on its hind legs, laying the front paws on the counterpane of faded yellow. The legs made dark streaks against this yellow.

He had begun stroking the old back again. He now stopped. He withdrew his hand. The hair was coming out. It came off beneath his fingers, and each stroke he made left a line of lighter skin behind it. This skin was yellowish, with a slight tinge, he thought, of scarlet.

The dog—he could almost swear to it—had altered; it was still altering. Before his very eyes, it grew, became curiously enlarged. It now towered over him. It was longer, thinner, leaner than before, its tail came lashing round its hollow, yellowing flanks, the eyes shone brilliantly, its tongue was a horrid red. The brute straightened its front paws. It was huge. Its open mouth grinned down at him.

He was petrified with terror. He tried to scream, but the only sound that came were little innocent words of childhood days. He almost lisped them, simpering with horror: "I'd get on your back—if I was allowed out of bed. You'd carry me. I'd ride."

It was a desperate attempt to pacify the beast, to persuade it, even in this terrible moment, to be friendly, a feeble, hopeless attempt to convince *himself* that it was —Carlo. The Monster was twelve feet from head to tail,

of dull yellow striped with black. The great jaws, wide open, dripped upon his face. He saw the pointed teeth, the stiff, quivering whiskers of white wire. He felt the hot breath upon his cheeks and lips. It was fœtid. He tasted it.

He was on the point of fainting when a step sounded outside the door. Someone was coming.

"Saved!" he gasped.

The suspense and relief were almost intolerable. The touch of a hand feeling cautiously, stealthily, over the door was audible. The handle rattled faintly.

"Saved!" his heart repeated, as the great brute turned its giant head to listen.

He knew that touch. It was Baker, his hated *alias*, come in the nick of time to rescue him. Yet the door did not open. Instead, the monster lashed its tail, it stiffened horribly, it turned its head back from watching the door, and lowered itself appallingly. The key turned in the lock, a bolt was shot. He was locked in alone with a tiger. He closed his eyes.

His recurrent nightmare had ruined sleep again, and outside, in the dreary autumn dawn, a little dog was yapping fiendishly on and on and on and on.

"Where the Bee Sucks"

By "S. O."

YET once more the question is being asked: "What is wrong with the theatre?"—which must make Ariel and "Comrade" Chu-Chin-Chow laugh immoderately in their respective caverns of antiquity, or taverns. Aladdin always wins, whether in the shape of Peter Pan, Chin-Chin, or Shakespeare, and let those who doubt go and see the taciturn Chinaman at His Majesty's stalking into his sixth year, or visit the Shakespearian performances of Ben Greet and his company to two thousand Board School children at Hackney or Whitechapel under the auspices of the County Council. There the villain is not hissed by the children; nor does the hero "take a curtain." No scenic display disturbs the fellowship of attention. The play is the thing—the box-office nothing. Those who periodically frighten us with the disease appertaining to the theatre are Calibans of the art. "Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban!" If only they would ban themselves! But they won't. The "mugs" still think there is money in art "for money's sake."

Viola Tree has evidently a flair for management, and so she too has returned to pantomime. She will now have to be careful. Her *Tempest* is coryfeean, splendiferous, ambrosial, even as she, as the goddess, is Juno-esque, and in Winifred Barnes she has found a "merry rogue" of an Ariel, dainty enough for any king or swain. She might have crashed, like Chu-Chow. Of course the play is against her—it isn't a play; it is an ecstasy, and that is where, modern as the production is, Rumbold seems to get "rumbled." The thing lacks style, and—music: which is important, for we are suffering from a musical revival, they tell us.

Now the Chinaman got his music right, that is, it is on the level of the production, and I have seen men who have been twenty-seven times to enjoy the deplorably common-

place love-duet sung in a picture-frame after the fashion of what the French call "cantomime." But Shakespeare's music requires a different lilt. It really is "to be or not to be," and somehow the *Tempest* flops just there where a little Ariel-ising in sound would have lifted the production out of Chinatown into the region of delight. The stomach of the thing is not "constant," good as the tipplers are, but then we can always portray anti-prohibitionism, for that is Shakespearian England, and the clown is our genius, if and when drunk (when sober French clowns beat us all the time). Even Ariel is not musician enough to raise us out of our seats. She draws us pretty near to the coveted cowslip, but not quite. What a chance for some man to write the classic music for this love idyll! It is the ballet theme. I should terribly like to see the Russians have a slap at it, or Strauss. For the *Tempest* needs ambience. Mere spate and spats are not sufficient. Either a lone simplicity or a seraphic incarnation. Hanky-Panky brings us too much up to date, too near or too far from the magic wand of the "showman" Prospero, so reminiscent of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works to extend Henry Ainley.

Hanky-Panky John.

And this Macdonald Hastings provides with considerable cleverness at the Playhouse. His cue is no pantomime. He is an optimist. The theatre is all right. "See me adjust myself" to the conditions, and, like a Frenchman, he sets about it with logic. Here we have "du théâtre" pure and simple, or what the critics want. It is as old as Scribe. The technique is the "actor-proof" composition, or the old-fashioned carpenter play of situation suited for the "young person in pink" and all those who see big receipts in her exploitation. And the author ravels with cunning. Indeed this is a good French play, pattern No. 9 (say), a tight-up medley of contretemps, frills and folichon, which enables the author to throw about his wit, merry wit, too, so just escaping what the gentlemen complain of who ask, What is wrong with the theatre?

To criticise this actor-proof formula of entertainment would be unfair, ungentlemanly. It is good fun. After

two acts we don't know. There are pretty women, eccentric frocks, pyjamas and titillations. Also there is the mystery: who did it? The theatre, which, unlike the church, is not greedy, never asks for more. Who did it?" is always enough, and so to the very end the ingenious author carries us over the dangerous second-act interval, when dinner is losing its charm and illusions are growing spent, into the "dénouement" which closes "Merrily, merrily, where the bee sucks there suck I."

But it is terribly old. It takes us back to the gutty golf-ball. The lemon of every joke and situation is correctly squeezed dry. At times we gasp. *Et tu, Brute!* But it gets home. The stalls laugh. Of course there is a parson. He gets them. The lady (Irish) who turns out to be Whitechapel, she gets them, though there must be something wrong there, for the Irish are always polite. Some of the jokes are antimacassar, "direct action," but they tell. "I've got to do it," the author seems to say, and truly he is a pleasant mixer. Now and then he side-steps. Take this. And that. Then, back to the 'eighties and the top-hat. The new art? No, not that "bus." No high-brow stuff in this yard. Just what the agent will explain is what the dear old public wants, hits that click, words which never to heaven go.

My congratulations on a neat, natty success.

The Mysterious Visit.

One would have dearly liked to be able to report that H. G. Wells had at last got across those mysterious foot-lights with a play, but this cannot be said about Mr. St. John Ervine's re-creation at St. Martin's Theatre, chiefly because it is neither Mr. Ervine nor H. G. Wells. This is surely no collaboration. Both authors have got winged, and so the Angel of the piece somehow seems to "fear to tread," according to the old saw.

The cause is obvious. The novel of Wells was written in pre-war days. Mr. Ervine has attempted a post-war adaptation with topicalisations. In the effort, the atmosphere escapes. Where Wells saw gossamer, Mr. Ervine has drawn sentimentality; what with Wells in prose was filigree, a gentle inflation of fantasy, like an omelette

soufflé, in the play bumps against the hard tacks of the fourth wall, and deflates. It is a pity. The last act redeems much. Mr. Ervine seems to be unfettered there, but it is too soon after the war for dreams so perilously near to reality. Against the full and utter delusion and disillusionment of the war the illusion of the stage cannot compete. A stage cenotaph becomes unreal; objectionable to those who feel, unconscionable to those who do not feel. No, we are too near to life to play with death, as yet. Angelic divination lies buried in too many millions of bones.

And yet this play should have strange possibilities. How differently Barrie would have woven upon it, or Maeterlinck! The spirit of *Where the Rainbow Ends*, essentially an English gift, is curiously absent in the opening scenes with their shrill unmodernity and distressingly stock females, so out of date, so blatantly irritating, so not at all post-war. And played irritatingly. Why this ogre of a clergyman, this preposterous female, these antic group exits and gestures, as in the ballet? One does not understand. This is not Wells, who is a furious modernist. Is it possible Mr. St. John Ervine is an anti-feminist?

The antithesis fails because of this grotesque sharpness. After all, the Carpenter's Son on earth has been done by Jerome K. Jerome, and the play succeeded because it was plebeian. But in Mr. Ervine's play the characters are trade types; they are neither "actor-proof" nor jest-proof. Miss Compton stands out in a memorable performance, and "Delia" is charming, and the old vicar is plausible, but the antithesis, the chorus or opposition, these are the screech-owls of nightmare. Symbolism, upon which such a play must stand or fall, cannot be hitched upon a lampoon or a lamp-post. Even the pictorial business sags, the "war baby" is bromide.

And then the Angel—he is negative. Dramatically, that is a disability, for on the stage action must be actual or premeditated. That, no doubt, is not the adaptor's fault, it was his problem. To capitalise an Angel who loses his wings in a play presents a grave difficulty, for such a divinity cannot be cumulative, as Jerome's "visitor" was in *The Third Floor Back*, which on a depreciating currency would no doubt have proved a "Wo-back." Perhaps

Wells's book is not dramatisable. Imagination seldom is. There is no movement. Yet Strindberg compassed dreams unforgettable in dramatic art. His harmonies and discords were organic. He hit the stars of the beyond. Mr. Ervine's method is the inverse. He has sought revelation by over-emphasising the earthly, leaving a yawning hiatus which even the admirably dextrous and pretty lighting effects of the theatre cannot illuminate. We are sorry for that Angel, but he is, as Miss Compton suggests, in sum rather an inquisitive imposition.

A hero who has to lose grace was hardly fair upon Mr. Ervine, and I fear will not be appreciated by the "young person" or average playgoer who makes or mars plays. And despite some real moments, the young person in pink or blue is this time right. The Angel provides sentimentality, not symbolism. His wings are what the doctor himself describes them, a misgrowth.

"Susan Lenox"

By Lucifer

FROM time to time a novel appears which seems to hit all other contemporary fiction "in the eye," as it were, and with a bound we reach a higher rung in the ladder; we jump forward. *Susan Lenox* is such a book, the melodramatic story of a girl's rise and fall, written by the American, Graham Phillips, his last book before he met his death at the hands of one of his characters. It has come across the ocean to us surreptitiously, one may say, and to the general public here it is still unknown—probably the libraries do not stock it—but all who desire to read a book which is something of an event should procure it from the publishers, Appleton and Co.; they will read a book as striking as war.

From the point of view of art, no doubt, criticism can bridle up. It is not great art. From start to finish, the composition is American, and it bears the unmistakable taint of the serial, so rushing and tempestuous is its unceasing train of incident. Even the opening is a hurricane; the curtain rises on a doctor swirling a baby round and round his head, thus lashing the frail body into life, and from that moment the Calvary of Susan begins on a non-stop serial run of two stout volumes. In speed and rotation of tragedy, melodrama, clash, anti-climax, pathos and bathos, it beats the cinema. One cannot put down the book. All the time, Susan hits the ceiling; now she is up, now down; we follow her breathlessly through dope and doss house, in the lower depths, up to the heights of millionaire giddiness, finally into the haven of peace.

And yet, with all its tinsel, glitter or superficial force of writing, so unlike the great Russians, *Susan Lenox* is a great book, perhaps the greatest American novel since the "Stocking" series of Fenimore Cooper; in the sense that Walt Whitman is great—above form or criticism. De Quincey's test of literature as "power" can be applied to

this book without stint. The thing is the life-force. It strangles opposition because it is creative; it is not merely a novel, it is a live message, a sermon of flame. The writer is really a social reformer more than a novelist. He has something definite to say about life, about our social system, about civilisation. And he has the prophet's nobility of sincerity. His book is an exposure, a call. He set himself to write about sex, neither hypocritically as the Anglo-Saxons write, nor salaciously as the French write, but naturally, candidly, truthfully, avoiding, that is, the mock "reverent" attitude and the stock "rakish" attitude, in which task he placed before himself as law, "Stop lying—to others."

I know of no English novel which has this vital quality, for, as George Moore has well said, our fiction has always been hypocritical about sex. It is perhaps symptomatic that this new force should have emanated from America, where the tyranny of fashion is supreme. Yet undoubtedly Graham Phillips wears the mantle of Zola, whom we can to-day see to be a real social analyst, and a true fighter in the cause of freedom. Susan Lenox is the Anglo-Saxon sister of Nana, yet it is a finer book. The French have never yet seen woman other than as *la femme*; even Anatole France cannot escape the *parfum enivrant* of sex, the caustic contempt of the male for what is possessed or possessable, but Phillips thought of the free woman; he saw her as an equal human being; he has sought in this astonishing record of a woman's life to break down the caste of sex odium attaching to woman since her Biblical fall. In this he is a modern and a missionary.

In English fiction there is no such figure, no so true a study of sex. We have nothing like it. Thomas Hardy has touched upon phases with a far subtler grace and refinement, and in *Esther Waters* George Moore has portrayed another side of sex with the vision of an artist. But there exists no whole truth. The barriers confronting woman have never been exposed in such ruthless fashion before, for the rule with us has been the obfuscation of convention permitting only of jocularity, such as Arnold Bennett's *Pretty Lady*, or of pruriency after the manner of the French model, initiated by Voltaire in *La Pucelle*. Graham Phillips dares to place woman as an equal, dares

to expose the remorseless bondage under which woman has been placed throughout the ages. And so he has chosen as heroine a girl of natural virtue, splendidly brave, unconquerably true to herself, cast out upon the streets like a dog, the illegitimate child. He shows up the cruelty of "morality," the selfishness of humanity struggling always against its own coils, the degrading brutality of a social system whose god is money, whose law is success, whose virtue is "not to be found out."

And so without any finicking mendacity or commercial pandering to convention, Phillips has written a profoundly moral work which will probably date an epoch in the march of human development. Every grown woman should read this work, which will be more useful to her, more morally strengthening than all the tracts, resolutions, and educational reports of all the hygienic, calisthenic, sex-reform, and sociological societies put together. For here is a history of a real human life, told without false shame or sham modesty. Yet always decently told. There is no attempt to exploit details, to offend, to shock, to sensationalise. Phillips never repels, like Zola. One never feels that this or that incident was dragged in to make the book a seller. It is quite un-Gallic in this respect, no doubt because the book is written absolutely seriously, without the social gesture of humour which in France excuses everything. It is a plain, unvarnished chronicle of a girl's life thrown into the welter of New York, whose only purchasing power is her body. And it is because the author believed in life, in the right to live of the individual, in the human claim of woman, that he justifies his heroine in not committing suicide as the alternative.

Whether Susan is a real woman, whether, that is, she would have behaved so injuriously to herself, according to accepted morals, and have cast aside so many opportunities, one may leave to the Weiningers, Ellen Keys, and other psycho-analysts of sex; the point is immaterial. The object of the book is to reveal the incredible brutalities of life as it is in the existing conditions of competitive success, and the fiendish working of the so-called Christian machine. The thing is true, and he carries her through to the point of salvation. Many of the characters stand out with intense vividness. The book is a history of sex,

so packed and teeming with matter that a dozen novels could be built out of it. It treats of the slums, of prostitutes, of pimps and policemen, of graft, of the working-classes, of high and low life, of sweetness and filth, of bestiality and courage, yet always fairly to all concerned, always with the razor of objectivity proportioning the good and the evil, alike integral both in their cruel and conflicting manifestations of the system of which they are but the symptoms. In this sense it is a grandiose essay or study rather than a novel. Its psychology is crude. The technique is journalistic perhaps. Compared with the masterly omission of Gorki's tramps or the delicate symbolism of Turgeniev, the method is on the paper rather than "from below," yet as one lays it down the impression leaps to the imagination—what a book!

Impossible to forget these scenes, this life, this truly awful fight for self-respect. For, of course, Susan might have abdicated early in her career, and have joined the ranks. It is because of the beauty of her spirit that she rebelled; she dared to go under to emerge; she sought the depths to understand; she was brave and virtuous enough to know that it is not the body that matters but the soul, that man or woman is never evil, and can never be beaten if the spirit is strong enough to be free. That is the message of a book which has no counterpart in Anglo-American fiction. Terrible, it is beautiful. Few books are destined to reach heights such as this, to plumb deeper, to dispense so sternly the unpalatable truth. And for this it will live. Men and women will learn from it, and mankind will be the richer.

The London Conference
German Reparation

By "Realist"

THE settlement at Paris marks a great step forward towards the political stability of Europe. Having spent the last two weary years in an economic madhouse, the Allied statesmen claim our felicitations at the moment of their regained freedom, and one is somewhat astonished that Mr. J. M. Keynes, and those who shelter under his umbrella, should indulge in a fresh outburst of hostile and speculative criticism when the occasion is politically one for congratulation. After all, we may ask, What is an economist? Usually—and certainly in this case—a very delightful gentleman, yet one who, were he to apply his opinions to commercial operations, would probably find himself hopelessly ruined in less than six months. Standing in the presence of the great mystery of life of which economics forms an arithmetical study, this particular economist shows a lack of reverence for the *unknown quantity* which is startlingly unscientific. He is dogmatic when he should be suggestive, pedantic instead of penetrating. By him the Allied Indemnity experts (whose figures generally conform to those which appeared in this REVIEW in February, 1919) are dismissed with a gesture of contempt, encouraging although very deceiving to Germany, exasperating to France. The history of England since the Napoleonic wars has been a history of applied invention. For Germany the next half-century, as Mr. Keynes fully recognises, may unfold itself as a romantic period of applied science, and the payment of the indemnity may proceed without any very special difficulty presenting itself. A single first-class scientific discovery, making possible the production, for example, of a cheap and efficient substitute for petrol, would be likely to bring about a complete change

in the whole position. Thus there is every ground for hope that the German representatives at the Conference now assembling will reject the "contemptible little" estimate of their power and ability which Mr. Keynes has so loudly proclaimed, and that they will show themselves ready to conclude the final arrangements for the indemnity in a manner that shall give at once eloquent proof of their confidence in themselves and of their determination to undo, so far as this is humanly possible, the evil that Germany has wrought.

Nevertheless, it is to be feared—and this should be realised now before it is too late—that the London Conference will end in regrettable confusion and miserable futility unless enthusiastic and unqualified agreement is reached upon two main points.

First: Germany must assume responsibility for putting her national finances into better order and indicate the steps it is proposed to take towards that end. Second: the Reparation Commission must accept sole responsibility for the "transfer of value" which payment by Germany in the terms of the indemnity requires.

The heart of the problem lies here, and the mutuality of interest is clearly revealed. At the current rate of exchange ten marks equal one so-called gold mark, and, therefore, Germany has far more to gain by an improvement in her exchange position than from any discussion aiming at some reduction in the payments to be made. On the other hand, to saddle Germany with political responsibility for overcoming technical difficulties respecting the "transfer of value" of a purely economic kind, which may prove to be, in practice, insurmountable, would be unfair and unintelligent.

Now if we may assume—a large assumption, perhaps, in these disordered days—that the members of the London Conference will proceed to tackle their problem on the lines here suggested, the Allied representatives may be called upon to give advice of the very gravest character in regard to financial reconstruction in Germany. Have the Allies decided what this advice ought to be? Can the restoration of Germany's national finances be accomplished without reconstruction involving in some measure repudiation of her national debt? In this connection it will be

observed that any yield from German taxes diverted from interest-payment to indemnity-payment will be re-absorbed by German industry, and its purchasing power will continue to exert an undiminished and benign influence on German trade, for otherwise the "transfer of value" will not take place. But it is evident that the Allied representatives will fail lamentably in their duty if they attend this conference without having arrived at a considered judgment as to what is necessary to be done in order to ensure a restoration, however gradual, of the German financial position. Will these representatives be prepared to face the inconvenience of a public discussion on this very indelicate subject, one which may involve not only a repudiation of internal debt but a modification of the capitalist system itself? Would France and England prefer to forgo their share of the indemnity rather than compel the severe financial deflation of Herr Hugo Stinnes and every other rich man in Germany under the principle of a limitation of individual wealth? Can Germany pay the indemnity and yet continue to enjoy the luxury of keeping rich men? Mr. Keynes has been generous with his advice. What does he say about this? This is not a digression. We are still at the heart of our problem. The German economic system must either recover or collapse. If there is no Allied mind upon this subject which so vitally concerns the immediate present, it can only be said that, in relative importance, a solemn agreement as to a payment in 1962 seems of less significance than a drunkard's grimace.

For consider how sensitive is the influence of the factor of the German rate of exchange as it bears upon the payment of indemnity. A fall of half a penny in the value of the mark has the effect of doubling the amount of the indemnity expressed in marks. A rise of one penny in the value of the mark reduces the indemnity expressed in marks by one half. A Conference upon the Indemnity which fails to reach any conclusion whatsoever as to reconstruction in Germany and restoration of the exchange must prove barren of any permanent value and can only be productive of political and financial irritation.

The Conference must get to grips with its real problem. Taxation, repudiation, deflation of the rich—all these are

relevant to the issue. M. Briand has already reminded Germany that there are still very rich Germans although the German Government may appear insolvent. Was this merely rhetoric? If at the request of the Reparation Commission Germany deflates Herr Hugo Stinnes and places his excess wealth at the disposal of M. Briand, who, in turn, disposes of it to German-Americans, a transfer of value to France could be effected without any export of German goods.

However, this brings us to our second point: the Reparation Commission must accept sole responsibility for the "transfer of value" which payment by Germany requires. The Allies at Paris agreed to demand from Germany certain annual payments rising from £100 millions to £300 millions over a period of 42 years *plus* an amount to be arrived at by calculating 12 per cent. of the annual value of Germany's exports. The Reparation Commission's participation (this is the correct word) in the German export trade is to be payable, we are told, in *foreign currency*. The precise origin of this "participation" proposal is immaterial, but the motive behind it is important. It shows that the Allied Governments are commencing to take a comprehensive view of the indemnity problem, of which the "transfer of value" presents the greatest difficulty. German economic activities are of two kinds—external and internal. A participation in her external activities may produce a credit in *foreign currency*; a participation in her internal activities can only produce a credit in marks in Germany. The motive therefore here—excellent if somewhat pathetic—is to tap a German foreign credit at the source, and to distinguish between a participation in her external and internal economic activities. But the real point for decision is, Shall Germany or the Reparation Commission accept responsibility for the "transfer of value"? It is clear that Germany can be asked to accept responsibility for delivery of goods and to place credits in marks in Germany at the disposal of the Reparation Commission for the purchase of goods. But the "transfer of value" is not effected until those goods are sold. If Germany cannot demand the right to sell indemnity goods in France, for instance, can France place upon Germany the burden of

"transferring the value"? The words, gold marks, may sound consoling and even inspiring. But they deceive no one. For in the *Hinterland* there is a printing press.

The operation of indemnity-payment must be followed through to its remorseless end. England could certainly receive indemnity goods from Germany to the value of £22 millions, our share of the first payment. Timber, pulp, paper, beet-sugar, potash could be received to that amount and sold by Government. And sufficient unto the year is the indemnity thereof. Can France name the commodities and their quantities for her share for the first year? If not, what is to happen? Germany, though willing, may not be permitted to create a sufficient credit for indemnity-payment in France nor in any other Allied country for the account of France—for we shall all find ourselves in the same boat, we shall all decline to use our domestic purchasing power to the detriment of home industries—but she will be under compulsion to create a credit in a neutral country or in the United States. Now two questions arise here and should be carefully debated by the London Conference. Has Germany power to transfer to the Reparation Commission specific credits in neutral countries and in the United States created by exports made by private German traders? Have the neutral countries and the United States any interest in the matter?

The German Government can be a buyer at any moment of foreign credit, but the sellers of foreign credit may not accept the German Government as a desirable customer. The German Government can compel the sale to itself of bills drawn by German exporters on traders in neutral countries and the United States and transfer in suitable form that amount of foreign credit to the Reparation Commission. We will take an example.

Spain imports £5 millions German goods. Spain exports £5 millions Spanish goods to France. Now. in ordinary practice the German credit in Spain would be employed for purchase of Spanish goods, and the Spanish credit in France would purchase French goods. The Reparation Commission now steps in. The German credit in Spain has been transferred to the Reparation Commission, and the Commission passes it on to the credit of the French Government. The French Government uses the

German credit in Spain to cancel the Spanish credit in France. The operation is closed. Is Spain satisfied? £5 millions of German goods have been paid for by £5 millions of Spanish goods. Is there anything for Spain to grumble about? It is the proper function of international banking to conduct operations of this character when there is a *trade necessity* for it. But this is an indemnity necessity. Spain is compelled to use two markets to make a payment to one. Spain therefore suffers loss of market opportunity—as a buyer in France, as a seller in Spain. There is an enforced reciprocal cancellation of opportunity. Spain becomes an indemnity-whipping-post. It is not necessary to exaggerate the difficulty here. It is only important that the position should be made perfectly clear. And the conclusion is irresistible that responsibility for the "transfer of value" must rest with the Reparation Commission.

The Reparation Commission will discharge a dual responsibility; it will call upon Germany to perform certain acts, and it will seek to secure the co-operation of neutral countries and the United States. It must be recognised now that this co-operation will be necessary. It should not be unreasonably refused. To discount its value in advance and to anticipate it as a right is another matter. The cry "Germany must pay" has still a good healthy sound about it, but if we start shouting "neutral countries and the United States must co-operate" we commence to make ourselves ridiculous. To declare, by implication, an economic war on neutral countries and the United States at the moment a final settlement is reached with Germany is scarcely statesmanlike. "Obey or I march"—we understand. "Co-operate or I open fire"—is the pantomime. Therefore in accepting responsibility for the "transfer of value" the Reparation Commission regularises the position and adopts a very necessary diplomatic attitude. By the force of circumstances, the right to compromise with the future must be vested in the Reparation Commission, even as Germany retains the right to anticipate payment.

The matters here brought forward seem vital to a proper survey of the general indemnity position, and discussion upon them should produce the fruit of a working

agreement as to *method* to be adopted in the days in which we are living. The distant future will take care of itself. How far can Germany effect economies in administration? What additional taxation can be imposed? Must Germany resort in some measure to repudiation? Shall Germany be asked to deflate her rich men? Will the United States and neutral countries lend their co-operation? These questions cannot be avoided by practical men, by men of average good sense. Will the London Conference answer them? If the Allied representatives at this Conference shirk the real issues and satisfy themselves with the formal assent of Germany, the practical difficulties already indicated will immediately afterwards come to the surface and provide good sport for political Parties and a sensational Press, but a treacherous foundation for trade recovery throughout the world which is so much to be desired.

The Empire Mind

By Austin Harrison

WHATEVER history may show us to have won or lost in the Great War, the Empire as an organic whole already takes form as the British central issue. And we are not trading in politics or dealing with nationality, which latter was the moral force thrown up by the Napoleonic wars; the concern is race and even more than race, the problem and its ultimate evolution is the English-speaking civilisation. As we face the complexities, economic, religious, national, imperial, dependent and interdependent, of this majestic unity of blood and mind, the immediate and startling responsibility is defence, without which there can be no common attachment. The impulse of its collective disunity is at stake, which question is essentially imperial, for England can no longer alone assume and maintain responsibility. Freedom of the seas, upon which the Empire rests, can no longer be paid for and guaranteed by the home country, nor would it be morally or militarily right that this should be so. Out of the world-war, we emerge an Empire of a single comprehensive association, or we disintegrate. We shall go forward together as a civilisation or part company.

The Empire mind is thus our integral and composite responsibility. Shall we attain to it? What is to be the new imperial nexus? How are we to find an imperial equation that can be at once constructive and independent, wise in peace and efficient in war? How, in short, can unison be made organic? The significance of the problem lies in its cosmic relationship, and it may be said truthfully that no League of Nations is thinkable without such an imperial alignment. From the very start gigantic difficulties arise, of race and association, of colour, of economics, of interdependence. In Australia we have a huge unpeopled continent withheld racially from develop-

ment, a storehouse of untold potential human wealth jealously closed to the excess populations of other nations, conspicuously, for example, Japan. It is a world economic problem. In India we have the question of native evolution ripening for self-realisation, approaching race consciousness, hardening into the possibility of self-determination, a problem of colour and racial and religious antagonisms. At home, we have the historical sorrow of Ireland sapping the vision and moral force of statesmanship, destroying the foundations of our imperial integument, corroding our very sanity. And bound up with it all is the English-speaking civilisation of the New World, which is our blood and spiritual accompaniment.

The old, loose, unformulated directorship will no longer suffice. The bonds of Empire must be correlated culturally, racially, and economically, or the parts will fly asunder in the new groupings, economic and political, which will take place as the result of the dislocations and convulsions of war and its aftermath, many as yet unforeseen, some in any case incalculable. It will no longer be possible merely to let things drift, to rely upon hazard, to wait upon the unknown quantity, for the world's needs are economic, and the pressure will be swift and cumulative. A federative unity would seem imperative, some form at least of common integration. The Navy is one point; another is the necessity or interest of economic partnership; a third is policy and responsibility of policy, European and cosmic; over all and above all is the imperial desirability of the whole, which in the last instance must be the test and moral implication. Perhaps the last, as it would seem the most simple, is the most problematic. Here the key is undoubtedly Ireland. A policy which makes of blood a renegade must on the face of it be a bad policy. Yet this is Britain's predicament. Over the body of Ireland shot up as a policy, we are losing the cause of the war and in the process we are losing our own justification. Imperially, from within, before the world, from without.

Ireland, it is true, does not represent a pure national problem, for its subterranean complexes are religious, and its idiosyncrasies inherently psychological; yet the Irish can

justly claim to be a free people. Looked at narrowly from the standpoint of force or of the parish constable, Ireland is a rebel, as Shelley was a rebel, or Cromwell himself, and to such minds there is no problem; but viewed imperially, still more cosmically, it is at once our test of statesmanship and civilisation, which we shall ignore at our peril. For the Irish are indestructibly British. They are no mean part of our culture and attributes, they are the co-substance of our life-force, and in the entire configuration of the English-speaking community they express what in the highest sense is specifically and culturally one. To wage war on the Irish is fratricide and spells decomposition. Their national feud is the pathetic peculiarity of an island people, which we of all people should make allowance for, and its fatality is primarily geographical. It is not that the Irish hate the English so much that they crave independence, it is that they love Ireland so much. At least that is intelligent. To-day, the problem has ceased to be domestic, it is imperial: it is Anglo-Saxon. The policeman is purely another island view, insular, negative. Construction will not begin with a bayonet-point, any more than assassination will convince the sentry. Two forces only make one force, more force. If that is the only wisdom procurable, then it would be kinder and more politic to evacuate the Irish *en bloc* and repopulate the island with *concessionnaires* holding the denominational opinions of the policeman; but would such a policy help imperially? The answer is the Irish population in America. Eight million Irish in the New World, four million Irish in the home island! Force breeds force, that is all. To rot the roots does not fortify the tree. The wind carries the good and bad seeds alike. An empire cannot be built upon putrefaction.

We are confronted with no less an issue. To what end? Can—dare—any man answer? What would we gain by lopping off an arm? If Paris was worth a heresy, Ireland is surely worth a sanction, which in sum is all that is asked for. Idle and hypocritical to talk of a trial of force. With tanks and machine-guns, men paid a guinea a day can shoot up Ireland from Tipperary to the Boyne, as whilom men shot down the Red Indians. Massacre the lot—what then? Did St. Bartholomew achieve anything?

Clear South Ireland of the Irish, shall we have solved the problem? Not one whit. Dynamite is not dynamics. Ireland would then become the poison between the Anglo-Saxon worlds and a monument of shame. Under what flag can we, for whom the world in arms fought, justify such an imperialism? Not before League of Nations' law. For whose benefit? Certainly not to the empire already crossed with the evil eye of this age-long astigmatism which we do not, because as yet we dare not, eradicate. The blot taints us in our sources. We get nothing from it, soon we shall not be able to give because of it. And what in the end is it all about? Ireland is a Cromwellian bauble. Like a museum piece, she is to-day but the Blarney stone of a sacrilegious incantation which on both sides is an anachronism. It is a poor thing, her island, yet her own. And for this pittance England is at war, and the Empire strains, and literally a world which has learnt to marvel at our historical sequence and continuity gapes in affronted bewilderment! It is time we remembered the gods' warning. There is, as the world-war has proved, a justice. To us, riddance of this Irish plague is essential to our purpose and significance. The world expects England to do her duty. May all good men see to it that for the grace of God it is done.

Could we but attain to an Empire mind, the mystery and misery of Ireland would assume adjustable dimensions focussed as a whole, in place of the weary insulated stewardship of authority *versus* rebellion. As a unit of interdependence, Ireland would no longer be a "mystery," and Englishmen would reject the self-complacent attitude of ignorance which complains that "neither side understands the other." That is unworthy of race, destructive of Empire, moreover it is not true. Englishmen may not understand why an Irishman should desire emancipation, but the Irish problem can no more be regarded as that of an island and its "authority," as a police question to be solved by policemen, for what is at stake over Ireland free or Ireland a corpse is the capital issue of Empire. This would be apparent automatically, were we to see a whole instead of a limb, could we but think imperially, as indeed we now must in our own despite. As imperialists, we

should at once refer Ireland to the arbitrament of an Empire Council; we could refer it to the League of Nations, did it possess authority. Imperially judged, Ireland would cease to be a metropolitan specific, the party war-cry of a clan, a class, or a Church, and even secularly accommodation could be found, which at least the world would accept. In the absence of such a tribunal, the two islands will remain at war, symbolic of the two Churches which also are at war at heart and in the spirit. The real complication of Ireland is that the stumbling-block to reform and all innovation has become vested in English Conservatism, which whether in or out of office in this country invariably controls military and foreign policy. It is an excrescence here, an injustice there, and through the Church it involves Scotland. That is why England cannot "try" Ireland; she is not politically or ecclesiastically free; we preside as a Star Chamber; at this very hour we are in the rank, bigoted atmosphere of Guy Fawkes.

And so for decades this wretched Boyne *versus* "Holy Water" border feud has determined our politics, defining whether a man was a Tory or a Liberal to the neglect of most other things, including war, which largely as the result caught us "unawares." Many ardent Home Rulers had never been to Ireland; on the other hand, the exclusive English Catholic aristocracy is fanatically anti-Irish. The plain man is puzzled and leaves the job alone. He only fetches an interest when authority is challenged, and then, like a sportsman, he cries "Shoot!" The Black and Tans are the net outcome. Not one Englishman in a hundred has ever studied the Irish problem, or knows that Ireland, which we are once more destroying, is England's best customer, now costing the taxpayer at least £100,000,000 a year. He would be ashamed did he know the truth of Hamar Greenwood's dragonnade. An Imperial Council would at once place an audit finger on this extravagance and issue a subpœna. Sir E. Carson would be asked to show cause why this arbitrary burden should be imposed, and the other Church also would be cross-examined. The Commonwealth representatives would not consult in the spirit of Beefeaters of the Tower of London, they would inevitably arrive at a reasonable decision both

as regards creed and nationality, and in the act England would attest as an imperial organism. The war would have been worth the blood and sacrifice. A new epoch in history would begin.

These are some of the difficulties facing England, an Empire. Attempts to run the Colonies on pre-war lines, regardless of the new tasks, the new disabilities and opportunities, the new spirit, and the new interests, above all, attempts to bureaucratise or centralise the incentive, will lead to failure, for in the grip of world-economic crises sentiment will not be the argument. We have now added greatly to our Empire, absorbed vast new territories, made ourselves responsible for even more coloured peoples, regardless of initial cost or future returns, and in command of this unparalleled heterogeneity of race, tribe, caste, nation, colour, creed, civilisation and semi-civilisation has been placed the most restless figure in our public life, whose imperialism is temperamentally imperial. It is a stupendous throw. True, a Jew receives our imperial plum, and on the whole it is well. Lord Reading's intellectual equipment should prove watertight; in spirit he is at least attuned to the exactions; it is the apogee of the "chosen race." Thus the East returns to the East, and the circle is again complete. It is a beginning. The next step must assuredly be an Imperial Council of reference and adjudication, of defence. Into such a crucible Ireland should be referred without further delay. No matter what the judgment, there would be a judgment, thus erasing an historical stain, and freeing an Empire. There the Anglo-Saxon worlds will converge or move asunder. Over Ireland our destiny will be cast. We shall not grow as fratricides. As we stiffen and contract in what is in truth a provincial lawsuit of Carson *versus* casuistry, our imagination will fail, our moral fibre and power of invocation will weaken, and in the rude strivings of the advancing and unperformed Empire the home will forfeit its appanage. An Empire seething from within extends outwardly but to collapse. It is our English peril. There can be no moral health in us with an Ireland blinding our sanity, and no imperial comprehension. The Empire mind is to-day the condition of Empire question. Ultimately the Empire will

depend upon the world's sanction. If we cannot win to a sanction of our own, we shall follow the other empires in history, and for the same reason. Ireland is the key to our imperial continuity, and the bridge of unity with the New World. Shall we disrupt the greatest Empire in the world for an island dog-fight? That is our question. Let the Proconsuls of Empire give judgment.

If "Endymion" were Written To-day

By Thomas Moult

JOHN KEATS has had his share of attention from the biographers in the hundred years since he died, and Sir Sidney Colvin's superb *Life** has done nothing so effectively as it has made superfluous any further book about the poet's personality; unless it be a book that pretends to nothing more than heaping up testimony to the loveableness of his character. For loveableness is a condition to which the least of us are drawn, nor are we ever tired of reading about it in the great; there is, for example, to be an addition this season to the roomful of books on Walter Scott, but none to the handful on Coleridge.

Perhaps it is the thoroughgoing nature of Sir Sidney Colvin's biography that has reduced the number of centenary essays in the periodicals to a surprising minimum, hardly one of our established critics having felt justified in taking the opportunity of making a contribution to the subject of Keats and his poetry. Indeed the picture we have of the poet shows already the minute finish of a pre-Raphaelite painting. Sir Sidney's pen has so truly given the touch of an artist that there is a vivid and gracious life in the presentation, as though it had been faithfully mirrored from the poet as he lived. We feel that nothing can be added to it. We readily believe that it will remain the final authority. There is, moreover, a form of biography which, in itself and apart from all considerations of subject, has justified the claim that the personal concerns of a literary man may themselves make literature. Walton's *Life and Death of Dr. Donne* was practically the earliest. *John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends,*

* *John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame.* By Sir Sidney Colvin. (Third edition.) Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 18*s.* net.

Critics, and After-Fame is the latest of a splendid succession.

And yet there is one contribution still to be made. It is that which every generation must attempt afresh, being an appraisement of the poet's relation to some particular time. That the contribution should seem to have greater importance in the instance of Keats than it has in that of most other English poets—and, unexplainably, this is the fact—has its own delight, for Keats is becoming more and more the young poet's poet. Apart from the tragic side in his experience, he is the artist who lived nearest to the ideal existence which most immature folk are rather inclined for a brief but passionately slavish space to imagine was lived in those deceptive eighteen-nineties. The relation of John Keats to our day has a concern for many of us on this anniversary occasion which is pathetic. The poems that he wrote in his brief spell of creation discover for us a world more strange than it was for the people of twenty years or even ten years ago. It is a world with which we have not the slightest of human ties. And yet we read about it, without wishing, however much we read, that it might be our world. Rather do our attention and our curiosity go towards the creator of that world, to the author himself, because we are reminded all through the poems of what we had failed to remember about ourselves. These complex and confused natures of ours, surely they were once as single as that which, with such fine nonchalance, is revealed in the Odes and the Tales? Keats, with the uncanny divination of genius, preserved his single-mindedness through all the bewildering enticements and embarrassments of a civilisation which even in his day was of complicated texture. We, on the other hand (not possessing genius), have exchanged ours for a manifold-mindedness long before we know.

The paradox about Keats in his relation to us is that although we study his portrait with understanding and sympathy; although we appreciate to the full his marvellous gift and resolve that any other attitude to life, in those first years of achievement at least, would have been fatal to that gift; and although we revile his persecutors openly as well as in our hearts, we would have had a reception for him very little different from the actual, had he lived and

written as a contemporary instead of a hundred years ago. And this in spite of that envy of ours. It is always with envy that we confront in others the virtue which has gone out of ourselves. And we are not yet so hopelessly lost that we fail to regard single-mindedness as a virtue in the artist.

But (pursuing for a moment the possibility of Keats as a contemporary) that predominant quality would hardly be recognised by us as single-mindedness. It would more likely be condemned as superficiality, or impossible naïveté. If *Endymion*, for example, were written to-day, would the promise of it have been its warranty for any one of us? Would it have been accepted for publication, or, if published (at the author's expense), received any appreciation by the critics? Mr. William H. Davies brought home to us very forcibly not many months ago the fact of editor after editor turning down the poetry of Edward Thomas during his life-time, and the virtues of Thomas are far more obvious than are the virtues of Keats in *Endymion*, insignificant as they may be in comparison. Someone would be pretty certain to point out, what the late Mr. Edward Augustus Freeman, historian, was at pains to point out in the case of *Ivanhoe*, that it is not a "lifelike and truthful picture" of any age that ever was! In short, in one way or another we would evade the whole duty of man as he approaches another man's work; which duty is that he should put himself in the other man's place, discover his attitude and his endeavour, and proceed to estimate the work by its success or failure to interpret what the artist has apprehended of life from that particular attitude and with that particular endeavour. Not that in the circumstances we would fall any shorter of the grace of God than did the Jeffreys', the Lockharts, and the Byrons of a hundred years ago. But in their regard for themselves critics remain so equable from generation to generation that we would assuredly inherit no more of it.

There would, finally, be the charge that Keats was not facing life, perhaps more justifiable, because, as a matter of plain truth, he was not. It is the prevailing fashion to face life—which is probably why there is so little perdurable work being done in contemporary literature. The life that the artist must face is the life of his dream, the life that

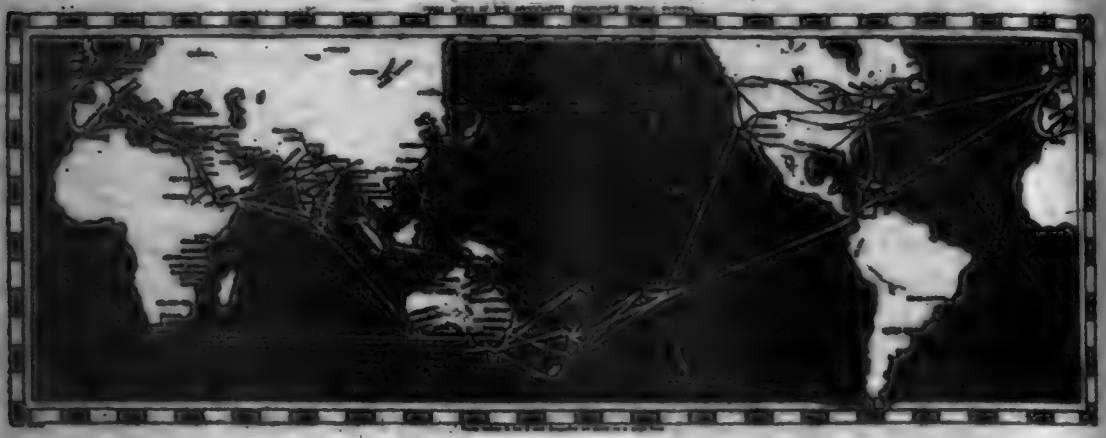
comes of his own vision. Any half-turning away from it, any compromise with life as others see it, and his art is doomed. One of those rare spirits which have their affinity with Keats, in some degree or other, is that of Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian novelist. Björnson began his work truly. His early novels are the expression of an idyllic vision. They are masterpieces. Then, as Daudet after he had written *Lettres de Mon Moulin* and *Le Petit Chose*, Björnson allowed himself to take note of the realism that was coming into fashion all over Europe. Confusion was the result, and after confusion, ruin. The irony of it was, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has truly pointed out, that *Flags are Flying in Town and Harbour*, to which Mr. Edmund Gosse attributes greatness, is ten times as realistic in treatment as *Synnövé Solbakken* or *Arne*, and about one-tenth as true to life!

That Keats, whose interest was a giant's, should come to feel the need of all knowledge was natural and desirable, because the poet who is ultimately to speak as a giant must first possess a thorough knowledge of his pigmy-fellows and a pigmy-cosmos. But it is worth asking, however decided we may be in our minds already, Was that resolve which Keats had formed towards the end of his life to identify himself as artist with the Shades in *Hyperion*—

> to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery and will not let them rest—

was it a development of his own nature, or nothing more than the consequence of his heeding contemporary advice and the world-call? And was it to be momentary or permanent, a hardly perceptible lapse, irretrievable fiasco—or triumph? Certainly triumph only if he transcended that knowledge instead of transcribing it.

P. & O., British India and New Zealand Companies
Mail, Passenger and Freight Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, BURMAH,
PERSIAN GULF, MAURITIUS, EAST & SOUTH AFRICA,
QUEENSLAND via Torres Straits.
Also AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND
from LONDON, SOUTHAMPTON or MEDITERRANEAN PORTS, via Suez, Panama, the Cape, Vancouver or San Francisco.



Apply: For Freight or General Information—
P. & O. and British India Companies, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3;
New Zealand Shipping Co., or Union S.S. Co. of N.Z., 138, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.
For Passage:—P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE BRONZE VENUS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Grant Richards. 8*s.* net.

THIS is one of Mr. Phillpotts's essays in comedy, far from the serious skies of Dartmoor. Every comedian, they say, yearns to play Hamlet, and it may be that, like Cowper, Mr. Phillpotts desires to show us that he, too, is a funny man. Reviewing *The Bronze Venus* fifty years hence, the intelligent critic might say that there are internal evidences of a Victorian farcical comedy transformed into a novel by some connecting camouflage. The characters all say their good things across the footlights, and the structure, in spite of motors and modern allusions, is of the hansom cab period; there is also a tinge of adolescent Shaw in the fun. But then it would be safe to make these analytical comments. To-day the best one can say is that the diversions of a serious novelist, who has given us so much that is strong and lasting, are worthy of respect, and that *The Bronze Venus* is an agreeably grotesque statuette, from the hands of an heroic sculptor.

BOOKS

THE LAND OF THE HILLS AND THE GLENS. By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. Cassell. 15s. net.

OF the newer naturalists, those whose appreciation is expressed with the camera rather than the fowling-piece, Mr. Seton Gordon is now amongst the acknowledged authorities. His latest volume, despite its somewhat Victorian gift-book title, is certainly one of the most interesting nature-records that has appeared for a great while. The forty-eight photographs that adorn it, wonderful studies of the Highland mountain-tops that freeze, or even more amazing snapshots of their native denizens, fully sustain Mr. Gordon's reputation in this respect. The shyest and least accessible of wild things, golden eagles, young seals, puffins, buzzards, all the fowls of the Hebridean air, are portrayed with an effect of tolerance by the subjects that is nothing short of amazing. Mr. Gordon wields a picturesque but singularly modest pen; his short chapters make small mention of the difficulties and danger that must attend his exploits. In short, a volume that the book-table of no country house should be without; one, moreover, that will provide a suggestion for present-giving uncles too obvious to be neglected. A. E.

LITERARY YEAR BOOK. 1921 edition.

THE new edition of the *Literary Year Book* for 1921 was published in January by its new proprietor and editor, Mr. Mark Meredith, from the *Year Book* Offices, 67 Dale Street, Liverpool.

The usual well-known features, such as the Directory of Authors and Artists, Classified Lists of Periodicals, Publishers, &c., have been retained, but a number of special articles are interspersed throughout the book, which runs to over 600 pages. A unique feature is the establishment of a Literary Information Bureau, where queries on all matters connected with journalism and literature are dealt with free.

Mr. Grant Richards, Clarence Winchester, G. Herbert Thring, and others have contributed their views on aspects of literary work. The price remains at 8s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

REVOLUTION. By J. D. BERESFORD. W. Collins, Sons and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

SHELL shock has had many remarkable results; in the case of Paul Leaming it turns an amiable young man into a Tolstoian altruist, emerging from mystical contemplation of the significance of beauty, to confront the sordid facts of social upheaval. Mr. Beresford has thus set himself the difficult task of giving roundness and actuality to a hero superior to normal human reactions, and he has the reward of success to justify his work, for there is an inevitableness in Paul's conduct at which the imagination never cavils. The revolution comes to the village community with a certain Russian thoroughness. The local aristocrat goes to live in one of his own lodges, and

Paul's robustly reactionary father is shot at the first sign of resistance to the public will, whilst a sturdy farmer is hanged from one of his own trees to encourage the others—deeds pitied and condoned by Paul in his agonised efforts to save the community. Then the inevitable counter-move comes, and Paul narrowly escapes perjury in the same holy cause. There is a spiritual and musical love scene in the empty great house as a closing note, and the reader gathers that the false dawn of revolution by force will be succeeded by reconstruction by consent some day. Thus roughly epitomised, the story loses all its charm, and one misses the undertone of spiritual evolution altogether; but, told by Mr. Beresford, this elusive note is constantly present, whilst the vivid actuality of the successive happenings and the entire credibility of characterisation hold the reader's attention unfailingly.

FORWARD FROM BABYLON. By LOUIS GOLDING. Christophers. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

SELDOM has a Jewish writer depicted so vividly the most pitiful and ironic of all the consequences of his people's racial isolation as Mr. Golding has done in his first novel. The condition of the Jew is the same in every country and every age, inevitably so while the nation is without its birthright—the national home that is the ideal of all Zionist striving. The desire of individual members of the race to retain their nationality while acclimatising themselves physically to a Gentile environment is instinctive, and manifested in different ways that often clash bitterly, sometimes hopelessly. The portrayal of the boy in whom the story centres, Philip Massel, and of his father, Reb Monash, indicates these differences with real power. Tragedy envelops the figure of the old man; it shadows the adolescence of the boy; and yet the purely human relation, persisting in spite of the clash, is beautifully and poignantly given. Mrs. Massel, the mother of Philip, is the link, equally beautiful, between the two protagonists that prevents the separation due to temperamental opposition from becoming as wide and hopeless as the world. If the story is not technically a coherent whole, some of the chapters are complete; the events accompanying Mrs. Massel's death sweep us on breathlessly with their dramatic force. And it is only to be expected that a poet like Mr. Golding has lifted even his least satisfactory pages out of the ordinary by the fine devotion of his hero through an otherwise sordid and city-like adolescence to the glorious miasma of poetry itself.

THE BLACK BLANKET. By MAXWELL LAURIE. T. Werner Laurie. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is the story of the drop of black blood, in the befo-de-wah-South, leading to dramatic situations when the well-kept secret is discovered by an envious mulatto, and to a happy ending when the supposed taint, at the last moment, turns out to be illusory. But it is not so much the story as the method of telling which makes this book remarkable. Mr. Maxwell Laurie is a much travelled man

who has held high office in India and Burmah and knows the West Indies and Louisiana well, as the present volume proves, and he carries us back, not merely in time, but in the ripe "nuts and wine" discursiveness of his method; he delights in expanding slight incidents and expatiating upon states of mind with all the zest of a Meredith, and with some of the master's genial philosophy. To modern readers this may be something tedious, but the William de Morgan public and many others who have time to read will appreciate this recrudescence for its colour, insight, and rounded philosophic commentary on life. Also there is real poignant drama to give nerve to this profusion of descriptive commentary.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RUINS. By EDWARD SHANKS. W. Collins, Sons, and Co. 9*s*. net.

BELLAMY, Besant, and the great "H. G.," to name only a few of the seers, have projected us into the future with varying degrees of imaginative power. The theme is fascinating, and Mr. Shanks has succumbed to its spell in pessimistic mood. The transit is ingeniously managed; in fact, the opening chapters are so good that the main part of the story suffers by contrast. Following precedent, the adventure ends in tragedy complicated by love, but the setting does not foreshadow this culmination as it should. Still, this is a quite well-managed yarn, with one touch of humour—perhaps unconscious—that the villain of the piece is one "Wells."

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. John Lane. 8*s*.

POIROT, a Belgian refugee, happened to be the great Poirot, a super-sleuth with all the philosophic charm of his tribe. Belgium ought to have used him otherwise, but he came in handy to elucidate a mysterious poisoning in an English village. The mystery is extremely well wrapped up, and the reader-detective gets lots of false trails to follow and suspects in turn every member of a strangely varied household. This carpenter's work is remarkably well done, but the authoress has concentrated too much on circumstance and failed to enlist the reader's sympathies for the victims of unjust suspicions, and when one does not very greatly care who is hanged half the piquancy of the game of disentanglement disappears.

JILL OF ALL TRADES. By DOROTHY MEREDITH. Stockwell. 5*s*. net.

A BRIGHTLY written wartime love story in letters to and from a girl who goes to New York and finds herself to some extent a prisoner of war. Probably a first book, in which case there should be good things to follow.

POETRY.

THE spring poet, like other harbingers this year, comes early and takes the winds of February with more or less gladness. Chief amongst the wealth of slim and dainty volumes which have come to

birth stand two by women not unknown in these pages or out of them, Nancy Cunard with *Outlaws* (Elkin Mathews, 5*s*. net), and Mary R. Richardson with *Cornish Headlands* (W. Heffer and Sons)—both good examples of modern verse-craft and seemly production.

Miss Nancy Cunard's *Outlaws* takes its title from the initial poem, for there are many numbers with such varying motives as "Answer to Reproof" and "Zeppelins," but whether dealing with actualities or emotions, the strong undertone of defiant disillusion gives a certain bitter-sweet charm to her singing—a not negligible voice of passionate impatience with times picturesquely out of joint.

Miss Richardson, on the other hand, is optimist, thrilled with the delight of things, with seldom the time or temper to hammer out rhymes; but the strong sense of music and rhythm carries each song of her *vers libre* gallantly along—better indeed than when she drops into rhyme. These transcripts from nature and momentary experience are vital and spontaneous, with all the "tingle of impromptu," as the ancestral Walt Whitman would have phrased it.

From Mr. Stockwell's press quite a garland of these slender blossomings springs. One imagines his sanctum a sympathetic refuge for the budding verse spinner with his, or her, sheaf of manuscript. Of these the most promising is *Poems*, by J. S. Blandford, D.F.C.—adventurous verses with youth and fire in them and here and there real beauty. This airman has real wings, if not yet fully fledged.

PUBLIC SCHOOL VERSE, 1919–1920. An Anthology, with an Introduction by JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THERE has never yet been a poet prematurely hustled into print who, if he has remained a poet, has not lived to repent of the hustling. We are acquainted with young men in the very town from which this anthology is conducted who know by the light of sad experience how badly advised they were to publish their *juvenilia*. Leigh Hunt's warning was not sufficient for them; would that they had made their experience sufficient warning for the editors of *Public School Verse!* Perhaps it is Mr. Masefield's graceful and kindly introduction that makes us expect too much; he argues powerfully against one's doubt lest the only effect on the boys whose work is printed here will be to turn their heads with vanity. We go all the way with him in his hope that before long the public school boys will be as proud of seeing their school represented by a poem in a book as they have been in the past of having a "blue" in a team, but we would prefer the circulation of the book to be restricted to the boys' colleges, just as publicity is for the boy athlete. And we turn eagerly from the claim that there are at least six poets whose future work will be watched carefully. A thoroughgoing study of each of the examples by the fifteen boys of Charterhouse, Edinburgh, Marlborough, Rugby, and other schools makes us amend Mr. Masefield's estimate and prophesy that not six, but the whole fifteen, will be watched carefully—if they keep at it and refuse to rest on the laurels that are symbolised by this first publication of their work.

BOOKS

THE JOURNEY (ODES AND SONNETS). By GERALD GOULD. W. Collins, Sons and Co. 6*s*. net.

THIS volume of ten odes and fifty sonnets has philosophic and emotional sequence as the journey of the questioning mind seeking out the riddle of life, and holding fast, amid darknesses, to the clue of love. Most of these poems have appeared as separate pieces, some of them in our own pages, but to read them together is to enjoy the spiritual experience of looking deep into the soul's unspeakable things, and to find one's own unuttered broodings set to a rough and vital music. Mr. Gould has power and boldness as well as delicate intuition; his music is strong and sometimes rugged —he is a masculine poet—and in his quest is never weak, pretty, or vapid. A very significant and living set of verses.

THE SECRET (SIXTY POEMS). By LAURENCE BINYON. Elkin Mathews. 6*s*. net.

THE secret is, of course, the secret which all hearts are groping to unravel, in the pursuit of which the poet easily leads the field, because beauty, awe, wonder, and love are his peculiar province. Mr. Laurence Binyon sees the deep heart of man and the grace and glory of the universe with eyes not too remote from common experience, and with here and there a striking felicity of phrase in his always acceptable and thoughtful verse. Take for example a stanza from a poem called "Goblins":

"Busy in deep sea dungeons,
Great mouths of fishes blind;
Blind wheel of planet on planet
In gulfs no thought can find;
The proud black stare of a falcon,
Without a thought behind."

There is no spit and polish in his method of conformity, nor does he give way to the new formlessness; the emotion is the thing, and these poems have the real impromptu vitality with many surprisingly felicitous turns of speech.

SOCIAL.

TRUTH ABOUT VENEREAL DISEASE. By MARIE STOPES. Putnams. Paper edition, 1*s*. 6*d*. net; cloth edition, 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

CIVILISATION is gradually learning to regard venereal disease like any other, and so at last to take sensible steps to arrest its devastating growth. This little treatise by Dr. Marie Stopes is on right lines because it teaches people to understand the problem, the true solution of which must be frankness. Without any doubt venereal disease will be practically blotted out in the next fifty years or so, for the germ is now known, and as it is not an infectious disease microbe, but a directly contagious one, proper precautions alone will obviously conduce largely to its suppression. It is on this side that Dr. Stopes insists. All young adults should learn about this matter, as a duty of bodily cleanliness. The truth is that 90 per cent. of all risks need not be risky. Were that fact known by men and women, a

huge improvement would have been made. The right scientific way to combat this loathsome disease is to understand how to fight it. In time ruthless proper instruction will be given in schools to all males of sixteen and upwards. The public have the remedy in their hands. They can smash syphilis if every father teaches his son how not to get it, and how to cure it.

WAR.

KIEL AND JUTLAND. By COMMANDER GEORG VON HASE. Skeffington and Son. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is an interesting book, written by the Gunnery Commander of the *Derfflinger,* which ship played an important part in the battle of Jutland. It has the merit of cold objectivity, and adds to our knowledge of that battle, and also to the mystery still attached to it. It is unpleasant to refer to the matter, but one of the causes of the curious suppression of the full Jutland reports is contained in his reference to the fact that we kept our powder in silk pouches, whereas the Germans used brass cases. Their ships were as fighting units far more efficient than ours. When the truth comes out—it is, of course, well known in naval circles—it will be found that Jellicoe probably saved this Empire through an act of control which has been vulgarly described as cowardice. Our ships were not safe. We had open ammunition hoists, director firing behind the funnels; shells were not in brass cases, and so a single shot hitting the magazine could explode the ship. This is what happened. The moral is our contempt for brains, and so to-day, when Sir Percy Scott tells us not to build capital ships, ignorant men write letters condemning him. The German sailor writes simply and like a white man.

THE FIFTH ARMY IN MARCH, 1918. By W. SHAW SPARROW. John Lane. 21*s.* net.

CRITICISM ought to be severe with a book of this kind, for it deals with the greatest defeat ever inflicted upon our Army, one that was very nearly world-catastrophic. Very interesting as it is in its account of the actual fighting, scientifically this book is biassed—that is to say, its object is obviously to exonerate the Army and throw the blame upon the politicians. The cold truth is that both are to blame. Neither soldiers nor politicians realised the peril that we stood at that time in, as the result of policy, on the one hand, and military optimism on the other. This book, however full of interesting detail, is not a scientific contribution to the history of strategy. Certainly General Gough was made a victim to save the politician. History will in time deal with these matters. There can be no question about the Army fighting bravely. It indeed fought magnificently. It is the old story of military inefficiency and politics, not the least astonishing feature of which is that Mr. Lloyd George, who was responsible for the defeat, can subsequently claim that he won the war.